THE

HISTORY

OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

VOL. IV.

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OF

EMILY MONTAGUE.

By the AUTHOR of

LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

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THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXXIX.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

Roſe-hill, Sept. 17.

CAN you in earneſt aſk ſuch a queſtion? can you ſuppoſe I ever felt the leaſt degree of love for Sir George? No, my Rivers, never did your Emily feel tenderneſs till ſhe ſaw the

lovelieſt, the moſt amiable of his ſex, till thoſe eyes ſpoke the ſentiments of a ſoul every idea of which was ſimilar to her own.

Yes, my Rivers, our ſouls have the moſt perfect reſemblance: I never heard you ſpeak without finding the feelings of my own heart developed; your converſation conveyed your Emily's ideas, but cloathed in the language of angels.

I thought well of Sir George; I ſaw him as the man deſtined to be my huſband; I fancied he loved me, and that gratitude obliged me to a return; carried away by the ardor of my friends for this marriage, I rather ſuffered than approved his addreſſes; I had not courage to reſiſt the torrent, I therefore gave way to it; I loved no other, I fancied my want of affection a native coldneſs of temper. I felt a languid eſteem, which I endeavored to flatter

flatter myſelf was love; but the moment I ſaw you, the deluſion vaniſhed.

Your eyes, my Rivers, in one moment convinced me I had a heart; you ſtaid ſome weeks with us in the country: with what tranſport do I recollect thoſe pleaſing moments! how did my heart beat whenever you approached me! what charms did I find in your converſation! I heard you talk with a delight of which I was not miſtreſs. I fancied every woman who ſaw you, felt the ſame emotions: my tenderneſs increaſed imperceptibly without my perceiving the conſequences of my indulging the dear pleaſure of ſeeing you.

I found I loved, yet was doubtful of your ſentiments; my heart, however, flattered me yours was equally affected; my ſituation prevented an explanation; but love has a thouſand ways of making himſelf underſtood.

How dear to me were thoſe ſoft, thoſe delicate attentions, which told me all you felt for me, without communicating it to others!

Do you remember that day, my Rivers, when, ſitting in the little hawthorn grove, near the borders of the river, the reſt of the company, of which Sir George was one, ran to look at a ſhip that was paſſing: I would have followed; you aſked me to ſtay, by a look which it was impoſſible to miſtake; nothing could be more imprudent than my ſtay, yet I had not reſolution to refuſe what I ſaw gave you pleaſure: I ſtayed; you preſſed my hand, you regarded me with a look of unutterable love.

My Rivers, from that dear moment your Emily vowed never to be another's: ſhe vowed not to ſacrifice all the happineſs of her life to a romantic parade of fidelity

to

to a man whom ſhe had been betrayed into receiving as a lover; ſhe reſolved, if neceſſary, to own to him the tenderneſs with which you had inſpired her, to entreat from his eſteem, from his compaſſion, a releaſe from engagements which made her wretched.

My heart burns with the love of virtue, I am tremblingly alive to fame: what bitterneſs then muſt have been my portion had I firſt ſeen you when the wife of another!

Such is the powerful ſympathy that unites us, that I fear, that virtue, that ſtrong ſenſe of honor and fame, ſo powerful in minds moſt turned to tenderneſs, would only have ſerved to make more poignant the pangs of hopeleſs, deſpairing love.

How bleſt am I, that we met before my ſituation made it a crime to love you! I

ſhudder at the idea how wretched I might have been, had I ſeen you a few months later.

I am juſt returned from a viſit at a few miles diſtance. I find a letter from my dear Bell, that ſhe will be here to-morrow; how do I long to ſee her, to talk to her of my Rivers!

I am interrupted.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXXX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE.

Roſe-hill, Sept. 18, Morning.

I HAVE this moment, my dear Mrs. Temple's letter: ſhe will imagine my tranſport at the happy event ſhe mentions; my dear Rivers has, in ſome degree, ſacrificed even filial affection to his tenderneſs for me; the conſciouſneſs of this has ever caſt a damp on the pleaſure I ſhould otherwiſe have felt, at the proſpect of ſpending my life with the moſt excellent of mankind: I ſhall now be his, without the painful reflection of having leſſened the enjoyments of the beſt parent that ever exiſted.

I ſhould be bleſt indeed, my amiable friend, if I did not ſuffer from my too

anxious tenderneſs ; I dread the poſſibility of my becoming in time leſs dear to your brother ; I love him to ſuch exceſs that I could not ſurvive the loſs of his affection.

There is no diſtreſs, no want, I could not bear with delight for him ; but if I loſe his heart, I loſe all for which life is worth keeping.

Could I bear to ſee thoſe looks of ardent love converted into the cold glances of indifference !

You will, my deareſt friend, pity a heart, whoſe too great ſenſibility wounds itſelf : why ſhould I fear ? was ever tenderneſs equal to that of my Rivers ? can a heart like his change from caprice ? It ſhall be the buſineſs of my life to merit his tenderneſs.

I will

I will not give way to fears which injure him, and, indulged, would deſtroy all my happineſs.

I expect Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald every moment. Adieu!

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXXXI.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Sept. 17.

YOU ſay true, my dear Fitzgerald: friendſhip, like love, is more the child of ſympathy than of reaſon; though inſpired by qualities very oppoſite to thoſe

which give love, it ſtrikes like that in a moment: like that, it is free as air, and, when conſtrained, loſes all its ſpirit.

In both, from ſome nameleſs cauſe, at leaſt ſome cauſe to us incomprehenſible, the affections take fire the inſtant two perſons, whoſe minds are in uniſon, obſerve each other, which, however, they may often meet without doing.

It is therefore as impoſſible for others to point out objects of our friendſhip as love; our choice muſt be uninfluenced, if we wiſh to find happineſs in either.

Cold, lifeleſs eſteem may grow from a long taſteleſs acquaintance; but real affection makes a ſudden and lively impreſſion.

This impreſſion is improved, is ſtrengthened by time, and a more intimate knowledge

ledge of the merit of the perſon who makes it; but it is, it muſt be, ſpontaneous, or be nothing.

I felt this ſympathy powerfully in regard to yourſelf; I had the ſtrongeſt partiality for you before I knew how very worthy you were of my eſteem.

Your countenance and manner made an impreſſion on me, which inclined me to take your virtues upon truſt.

It is not always ſafe to depend on theſe preventive feelings; but in general the face is a pretty faithful index of the mind.

I propoſe being in town in four or five days.

Twelve o'clock.

My mother has this moment a ſecond letter from her relation, who is coming

home, and propoſes a marriage between me and his daughter, to whom he will give twenty thouſand pounds now, and the reſt of his fortune at his death.

As Emily's fault, if love can allow her one, is an exceſs of romantic generoſity, the fault of moſt uncorrupted female minds, I am very anxious to marry her before ſhe knows of this propoſal, leſt ſhe ſhould think it a proof of tenderneſs to aim at making me wretched, in order to make me rich.

I therefore entreat you and Mrs. Fitzgerald to ſtay at Roſe-hill, and prevent her coming to town, till ſhe is mine paſt the power of retreat.

Our relation may have mentioned his deſign to perſons leſs prudent than our little party; and ſhe may hear of it, if ſhe is in London.

But,

But, independently of my fear of her ſpirit of romance, I feel that it would be an indelicacy to let her know of this propoſal at preſent, and look like attempting to make a merit of my refuſal.

It is not to you, my dear friend, I need ſay the gifts of fortune are nothing to me without her for whoſe ſake alone I wiſh to poſſeſs them: you know my heart, and you alſo know this is the ſentiment of every man who loves.

But I can with truth ſay much more; I do not even wiſh an increaſe of fortune, conſidering it abſtractedly from its being incompatible with my marriage with the loveliеſt of women; I am indifferent to all but independence; wealth would not make me happier; on the contrary, it might break in on my preſent little plan of enjoyment, by forcing me to give to common acquaintance, of whom wealth will always attract a crowd, thoſe precious

hours devoted to friendſhip and domeſtic pleaſure.

I think my preſent income juſt what a wiſe man would wiſh, and very ſincerely join in the philoſophical prayer of the royal prophet, "Give me neither poverty "nor riches."

I love the vale, and had always an averſion to very extenſive proſpects.

I will haſten my coming as much as poſſible, and hope to be at Roſe-hill on Monday next: I ſhall be a prey to anxiety till Emily is irrevocably mine.

Tell Mrs. Fitzgerald, I am all impatience to kiſs her hand.

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXII.

To Captain FERMOR.

Richmond, Sept. 18.

I AM this moment returned to Richmond from a journey: I am rejoiced at your arrival, and impatient to ſee you; for I am ſo happy as not to have out-lived my impatience.

How is my little Bell? I am as much in love with her as ever; this you will conceal from Captain Fitzgerald, leſt he ſhould be alarmed, for I am as formidable a rival as a man of fourſcore can be ſuppoſed to be.

I am extremely obliged to you, my dear Fermor, for having introduced me to a very amiable man, in your friend Colonel Rivers.

I begin

I begin to be ſo ſenſible I am an old fellow, that I feel a very lively degree of gratitude to the young ones who viſit me; and look on every agreeable new acquaintance under thirty as an acquiſition I had no right to expect.

You know I have always thought perſonal advantages of much more real value than accidental ones; and that thoſe who poſſeſſed the former had much the greateſt right to be proud.

Youth, health, beauty, underſtanding, are ſubſtantial goods; wealth and title comparatively ideal ones; I therefore think a young man who condeſcends to viſit an old one, the healthy who viſit the ſick, the man of ſenſe who ſpends his time with a fool, and even a handſome fellow with an ugly one, are the perſons who confer the favor, whatever difference there may be in rank or fortune.

Colonel Rivers did me the honor to ſpend a day with me here, and I have not often

often lately paſſed a pleaſanter one: the deſire I had not to diſcredit your partial recommendation, and my very ſtrong inclinations to ſeduce him to come again, made me intirely diſcard the old man; and I believe your friend will tell you the hours did not paſs on leaden wings.

I expect you, with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, to paſs ſome time with me at Richmond.

I have the beſt claret in the univerſe, and as lively a reliſh for it as at five and twenty.

Adieu! Your affectionate

H——

LETTER CLXXXIII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

Roſe-hill, Sept. 18.

SINCE I ſent away my letter, I have your laſt.

You tell me, my dear Rivers, the ſtrong emotion I betrayed at ſeeing Sir George, when you came together to Montreal, made you fear I loved him; that you were jealous of the bluſh which glowed on my cheek, when he entered the room: that you ſtill remember it with regret; that you ſtill fancy I had once ſome degree of tenderneſs for him, and beg me to account for the apparent confuſion I betrayed at his ſight.

I own

I own that emotion; my confuſion was indeed too great to be concealed: but was he alone, my Rivers? can you forget that he had with him the moſt lovely of mankind?

Sir George was handſome; I have often regarded his perſon with admiration, but it was the admiration we give to a ſtatue.

I liſtened coldly to his love, I felt no emotion at his ſight; but when you appeared, my heart beat, I bluſhed, I turned pale by turns, my eyes aſſumed a new ſoftneſs, I trembled, and every pulſe confeſſed the maſter of my ſoul.

My friends are come: I am called down. Adieu! Be aſſured your Emily never breathed a ſigh but for her Rivers!

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXIV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Sept. 18.

I HAVE this moment your letter; we are ſetting out in ten minutes for Roſehill, where I will finiſh this, and hope to give you a pleaſing account of your Emily.

You are certainly right in keeping this propoſal ſecret at preſent; depend on our ſilence; I could, however, wiſh you the fortune, were it poſſible to have it without the lady.

Were I to praiſe your delicacy on this occaſion, I ſhould injure you; it was not in your power to act differently; you are only conſiſtent with yourſelf.

I am

I am pleaſed with your idea of a ſituation: a houſe emboſomed in the grove, where all the view is what the eye can take in, ſpeaks a happy maſter, content at home; a wide-extended proſpect, one who is looking abroad for happineſs.

I love the country: the taſte for rural ſcenes is the taſte born with us. After ſeeking pleaſure in vain amongſt the works of art, we are forced to come back to the point from whence we ſet out, and find our enjoyment in the lovely ſimplicity of nature.

Roſe-hill, Evening.

I am afraid Emily knows your ſecret; ſhe has been in tears almoſt ever ſince we came; the ſervant is going to the poſt-office, and I have but a moment to tell you

you we will ſtay here till your arrival, which you will haſten as much as poſſible.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CLXXXV.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Bellfield, Rutland.

Roſe-hill, Sept. 18.

IF I was not certain of your eſteem and friendſhip, my dear Rivers, I ſhould tremble at the requeſt I am going to make you.

It is to ſuſpend our marriage for ſome time, and not aſk me the reaſon of this delay.

Be

Be assured of my tenderness; be assured my whole soul is yours, that you are dearer to me than life, that I love you as never woman loved; that I live, I breathe but for you; that I would die to make you happy.

In what words shall I convey to the most beloved of his sex, the ardent tenderness of my soul? how convince him of what I suffer from being forced to make a request so contrary to the dictates of my heart?

He cannot, will not doubt his Emily's affection: I cannot support the idea that it is possible he should for one instant. What I suffer at this moment is inexpressible.

My heart is too much agitated to say more.

I will write again in a few days.

I know

I know not what I would ſay; but indeed, my Rivers, I love you; you yourſelf can ſcarce form an idea to what exceſs!

Adieu! Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, Roſe-hill, Berkſhire,

Bellfield, Sept. 20.

NO, Emily, you never loved; I have been long hurt by your tranquillity in regard to our marriage; your too ſcrupulous attention to decorum in leaving my ſiſter's houſe might have alarmed me, if love had not placed a bandage before my eyes.

Cruel

Cruel girl! I repeat it; you never loved; I have your friendſhip, but you know nothing of that ardent paſſion, that dear enthuſiaſm, which makes us indifferent to all but itſelf: your love is from the imagination, not the heart.

The very profeſſions of tenderneſs in your laſt, are a proof of your conſciouſneſs of indifference; you repeat too often that you love me; you ſay too much; that anxiety to perſuade me of your affection, ſhews too plainly you are ſenſible I have reaſon to doubt it.

You have placed me on the rack; a thouſand fears, a thouſand doubts, ſucceed each other in my ſoul. Has ſome happier man —

No, my Emily, diſtracted as I am, I will not be unjuſt: I do not ſuſpect you of inconſtancy; 'tis of your coldneſs only I complain: you never felt the lively im-

patience of love; or you would not condemn a man, whom you at leaſt eſteem, to ſuffer longer its unutterable tortures.

If there is a real cauſe for this delay, why conceal it from me? have I not a right to know what ſo nearly intereſts me? but what cauſe? are you not miſtreſs of yourſelf?

My Emily, you bluſh to own to me the inſenſibility of your heart: you once fancied you loved; you are aſhamed to ſay you were miſtaken.

You cannot ſurely have been influenced by any motive relative to our fortune; no idle tale can have made you retract a promiſe, which rendered me the happieſt of mankind: if I have your heart, I am richer than an oriental monarch.

Short as life is, my deareſt girl, is it of conſequence what part we play in it? is wealth at all eſſential to happineſs?

The tender affections are the only ſources of true pleaſure; the higheſt, the moſt reſpectable titles, in the eye of reaſon, are the tender ones of friend, of huſband, and of father: it is from the dear ſoft ties of ſocial love your Rivers expects his felicity.

You have but one way, my dear Emily, to convince me of your tenderneſs: I ſhall ſet off for Roſe-hill in twelve hours; you muſt give me your hand the moment I arrive, or confeſs your Rivers was never dear to you.

Write, and ſend a ſervant inſtantly to meet me at my mother's houſe in town: I cannot ſupport the torment of ſuſpenſe.

There is not on earth ſo wretched a being as I am at this moment; I never knew till now to what exceſs I loved: you muſt be mine, my Emily, or I muſt ceaſe to live.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD, Roſe-hill, Berkſhire.

Bellfield, Sept. 20.

ALL I feared has certainly happened; Emily has undoubtedly heard of this propoſal, and, from a parade of generoſity, a generoſity however inconſiſtent with love, wiſhes to poſtpone our marriage till my relation arrives.

I am hurt beyond words, at the manner in which ſhe has wrote to me on this ſubject; I have, in regard to Sir George, experienced that theſe are not the ſentiments of a heart truly enamoured.

I there-

I therefore fear this romantic ſtep is the effect of a coldneſs of which I thought her incapable; and that her affection is only a more lively degree of friendſhip, with which, I will own to you, my heart will not be ſatisfied.

I would engroſs, I would employ, I would abſorb, every faculty of that lovely mind.

I have too long ſuffered prudence to delay my happineſs: I cannot longer live without her: if ſhe loves me, I ſhall on Tueſday call her mine.

Adieu! I ſhall be with you almoſt as ſoon as this letter.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

To Colonel RIVERS, Clarges-ſtreet.

Roſe-hill, Sept. 21.

IS it then poſſible? can my Rivers doubt his Emily's tenderneſs!

Do I only eſteem you, my Rivers? can my eyes have ſo ill explained the feelings of my heart?

You accuſe me of not ſharing your impatience: do you then allow nothing to the modeſty, the bluſhing delicacy of my ſex?

Could you ſee into my ſoul, you would ceaſe to call me cold and inſenſible.

Can

Can you forget, my Rivers, thoſe moments, when, doubtful of the ſentiments of your heart, mine every inſtant betrayed its weakneſs? when every look ſpoke the reſiſtleſs fondneſs of my ſoul! when, loſt in the delight of ſeeing you, I forgot I was almoſt the wife of another?

But I will ſay no more; my Rivers tells me I have already ſaid too much: he is diſpleaſed with his Emily's tenderneſs; he complains, that I tell him too often I love him.

You ſay I can give but one certain proof of my affection.

I will give you that proof: I will be yours whenever you pleaſe, though ruin ſhould be the conſequence to both; I deſpiſe every other conſideration, when my Rivers's happineſs is at ſtake: is there any requeſt he is capable of making, which his Emily will refuſe?

You are the arbiter of my fate: I have no will but yours; yet I entreat you to believe no common cauſe could have made me hazard giving a moment's pain to that dear boſom: you will one time know to what exceſs I have loved you.

Were the empire of the world or your affection offered me, I ſhould not heſitate one moment on the choice, even were I certain never to ſee you more.

I cannot form an idea of happineſs equal to that of being beloved by the moſt amiable of mankind.

Judge then, if I would lightly wiſh to defer an event, which is to give me the tranſport of paſſing my life in the dear employment of making him happy.

I only

I only entreat that you will decline aſking me, till I judge proper to tell you, why I firſt begged our marriage might be deferred: let it be till then forgot I ever made ſuch a requeſt.

You will not, my dear Rivers, refuſe this proof of complaiſance to her who too plainly ſhews ſhe can refuſe you nothing.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, Roſe-hill, Berkſhire.

Clarges-ſtreet, Sept. 21, Two o'clock.

CAN you, my angel, forgive my inſolent impatience, and attribute it to the true cauſe, exceſs of love?

Could I be ſuch a monſter as to blame my ſweet Emily's dear expreſſions of tenderneſs? I hate myſelf for being capable of writing ſuch a letter.

Be aſſured, I will ſtrictly comply with all ſhe deſires: what condition is there on which I would not make the loveliest of women mine?

I will

I will follow the ſervant in two hours; I ſhall be at Roſe-hill by eight o'clock.

Adieu! my deareſt Emily!

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXC.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Temple-houſe, Rutland.

Sept. 21, Nine at night.

THE lovelieſt of women has conſented to make me happy: ſhe remonſtrated, ſhe doubted; but her tenderneſs conquered all her reluctance. To-morrow I ſhall call her mine.

We ſhall ſet out immediately for your houſe, where we hope to be the next day to dinner: you will therefore poſtpone your journey to town a week, at the end of which we intend going to Beilfield. Captain Fermor and Mrs. Fitzgerald accompany us down. Emily's relation, Mrs. H—, has buſineſs which prevents her; and Fitzgerald is obliged to ſtay another month in town, to tranſact the affair of his majority.

Never did Emily look ſo lovely as this evening: there is a ſweet confuſion, mixed with tenderneſs, in her whole look and manner, which is charming beyond all expreſſion.

Adieu! I have not a moment to ſpare: even this abſence from her is treaſon to love. Say every thing for me to my mother and Lucy.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CXCI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Temple-house, Rutland.

Rose-hill, Sept. 22, Ten o'clock.

SHE is mine, my dear Temple; and I am happy almost above mortality.

I cannot paint to you her loveliness; the grace, the dignity, the mild majesty of her air, is softened by a smile like that of angels: her eyes have a tender sweetness, her cheeks a blush of refined affection, which must be seen to be imagined.

I envy Captain Fermor the happiness of being in the same chaise with her; I shall be very bad company to Bell, who insists

inſiſts on my being her ceciſbeo for the journey.

Adieu! The chaiſes are at the door.

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER CXCII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Sept. 29.

I REGRET your not being with us, more than I can expreſs.

I would have every friend I love a witneſs of my happineſs.

I thought my tenderneſs for Emily as great as man could feel, yet find it every moment increaſe; every moment ſhe is more dear to my ſoul.

The angel delicacy of that lovely mind is inconceivable; had ſhe no other charm, I ſhould adore her: what a luſtre does modeſty throw round beauty!

We

We remove to-morrow to Bellfield: I am impatient to ſee my ſweet girl in her little empire: I am tired of the continual crowd in which we live at Temple's: I would not paſs the life he does for all his fortune: I ſigh for the power of ſpending my time as I pleaſe, for the dear ſhades of retirement and friendſhip.

How little do mankind know their own happineſs! every pleaſure worth a wiſh is in the power of almoſt all mankind.

Blind to true joy, ever engaged in a wild purſuit of what is always in our power, anxious for that wealth which we falſely imagine neceſſary to our enjoyments, we ſuffer our beſt hours to paſs taſteleſsly away; we neglect the pleaſures which are ſuited to our natures; and, intent on ideal ſchemes of eſtabliſhments at which we never arrive, let

let the dear hours of ſocial delight eſcape us.

Haſten to us, my dear Fitzgerald: we want only you, to fill our little circle of friends.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXCIII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 3.

WHAT delight is there in obliging thoſe we love!

My heart dilated with joy at ſeeing Emily pleaſed with the little embelliſhments

ments of her apartment, which I had made as gay and ſmiling as the morn; it looked, indeed, as if the hand of love had adorned it: ſhe has a dreſſing-room and cloſet of books, into which I ſhall never intrude; there is a pleaſure in having ſome place which we can ſay is peculiarly our own, ſome *ſanctum ſanctorum*, whither we can retire even from thoſe moſt dear to us.

This is a pleaſure in which I have been indulged almoſt from infancy, and therefore one of the firſt I thought of procuring for my ſweet Emily.

I told her I ſhould, however, ſometimes expect to be amongſt her gueſts in this little retirement.

Her look, her tender ſmile, the ſpeaking glance of grateful love, gave me a tranſport, which only minds turned to affection can conceive. I never, my dear Fitz-

Fitzgerald, was happy before: the attachment I once mentioned was pleasing; but I felt a regret, at knowing the object of my tenderness had forfeited the good opinion of the world, which embittered all my happiness.

She possessed my esteem, because I knew her heart; but I wanted to see her esteemed by others.

With Emily I enjoy this pleasure in its utmost extent: she is the adoration of all who see her; she is equally admired, esteemed, respected.

She seems to value the admiration she excites, only as it appears to gratify the pride of her lover; what transport, when all eyes are fixed on her, to see her searching around for mine, and attentive to no other object, as if insensible to all other approbation!

I enjoy

I enjoy the pleaſures of friendſhip as well as thoſe of love: were you here, my dear Fitzgerald, we ſhould be the happieſt groupe on the globe; but all Bell's ſprightlineſs cannot preſerve her from an air of chagrin in your abſence.

Come as ſoon as poſſible, my dear friend, and leave us nothing to wiſh for.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXCIV.

To Colonel RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Oct. 8.

YOU are very cruel, my dear Rivers, to tantalize me with your pictures of happineſs.

Notwithſtanding this ſpite, I am ſorry I muſt break in on your groupe of friends; but it is abſolutely neceſſary for Bell and my father to return immediately to town, in order to ſettle ſome family buſineſs, previous to my purchaſe of the majority.

Indeed, I am not very fond of letting Bell ſtay long amongſt you; for ſhe gives me ſuch an account of your attention and complaiſance to Mrs. Rivers, that I am afraid ſhe will think me a careleſs fellow when we meet again.

You

You ſeem in the high road, not only to ſpoil your own wife, but mine too; which it is certainly my affair to prevent.

Say every thing for me to the ladies of your family.

Adieu! Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CXCV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Sept. 10.

YOU are a malicious fellow, Fitzgerald, and I am half inclined to keep the ſweet Bell by force; take all the men away if you pleaſe, but I cannot bear the loſs of a woman, eſpecially of ſuch a woman.

If I was not more a lover than a huſband, I am not ſure I ſhould not wiſh to take my revenge.

To

To make me happy, you muſt place me in a circle of females, all as pleaſing as thoſe now with me, and turn every male creature out of the houſe.

I am a moſt intolerable monopolizer of the ſex; in ſhort, I have very little reliſh for any converſation but theirs: I love their ſweet prattle beyond all the ſenſe and learning in the world.

Not that I would inſinuate they have leſs underſtanding than we, or are leſs capable of learning, or even that it leſs becomes them.

On the contrary, all ſuch knowledge as tends to adorn and ſoften human life and manners, is, in my opinion, peculiarly becoming in women.

You don't deſerve a longer letter.

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CXCVI.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 12.

I AM very conſcious, my dear Bell, of not meriting the praiſes my Rivers laviſhes on me, yet the pleaſure I receive from them is not the leſs lively for that conſideration; on the contrary, the leſs I deſerve theſe praiſes, the more flattering they are to me, as the ſtronger proofs of his love; of that love which gives ideal charms, which adorns, which embelliſhes its object.

I had rather be lovely in his eyes, than in thoſe of all mankind; or, to ſpeak more exactly, if I continue to pleaſe him, the admiration of all the world is indifferent to me: it is for his ſake alone I wiſh for beauty,

beauty, to juſtify the dear preference he has given me.

How pleaſing are theſe ſweet ſhades! were they leſs ſo, my Rivers's preſence would give them every charm: every object has appeared to me more lovely ſince the dear moment when I firſt ſaw him; I ſeem to have acquired a new exiſtence from his tenderneſs.

You ſay true, my dear Bell: Heaven doubtleſs formed us to be happy even in this world; and we obey its dictates in being ſo, when we can without encroaching on the happineſs of others.

This leſſon is, I think, plain from the book Providence has ſpread before us: the whole univerſe ſmiles, the earth is clothed in lively colors, the animals are playful, the birds ſing: in being chearful with innocence, we ſeem to conform to the order of nature, and the will of that beneficent Power to whom we owe our being.

If the Supreme Creator had meant us to be gloomy, he would, it ſeems to me, have clothed the earth in black, not in that lively green, which is the livery of chearfulneſs and joy.

I am called away.

Adieu! my deareſt Bell.

Your faithful

EMILY RIVERS.

LETTER CXCVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 14.

YOU flatter me moſt agreeably, my dear Fitzgerald, by praiſing Emily; I want you to ſee her again; ſhe is every hour more charming: I am aſtoniſhed any man can behold her without love.

Yet, lovely as ſhe is, her beauty is her leaſt merit; the fineſt underſtanding, the moſt pleaſing kind of knowledge, tenderneſs, ſenſibility, modeſty, and truth, adorn her almoſt with rays of divinity.

She has, beyond all I ever ſaw in either ſex, the poliſh of the world, without having loſt that ſweet ſimplicity of manner, that unaffected innocence, and integrity of

heart, which are ſo very apt to evaporate in a crowd.

I ride out often alone, in order to have the pleaſure of returning to her: theſe little abſences give new ſpirit to our tenderneſs. Every care forſakes me at the ſight of this temple of real love; my ſweet Emily meets me with ſmiles; her eyes brighten when I approach; ſhe receives my friends with the moſt lively pleaſure, becauſe they are my friends; I almoſt envy them her attention, though given for my ſake.

Elegant in her dreſs and houſe, ſhe is all tranſport when any little ornament of either pleaſes me; but what charms me moſt, is her tenderneſs for my mother, in whoſe heart ſhe rivals both me and Lucy.

My happineſs, my friend, is beyond every idea I had formed; were I a little richer, I ſhould not have a wiſh remaining.

Do

Do not, however, imagine this wish takes from my felicity.

I have enough for myself, I have even enough for Emily; love makes us indifferent to the parade of life.

But I have not enough to entertain my friends as I wish, nor to enjoy the godlike pleasure of beneficence.

We shall be obliged, in order to support the little appearance necessary to our connexions, to give an attention rather too strict to our affairs; even this, however, our affection for each other will make easy to us.

My whole soul is so taken up with this charming woman, I am afraid I shall become tedious even to you; I must learn to restrain my tenderness, and write on common subjects.

I am more and more pleaſed with the way of life I have choſe; and, were my fortune ever ſo large, would paſs the greateſt part of the year in the country: I would only enlarge my houſe, and fill it with friends.

My ſituation is a very fine one, though not like the magnificent ſcenes to which we have been accuſtomed in Canada: the houſe ſtands on the ſunny ſide of a hill, at the foot of which, the garden intervening, runs a little trout ſtream, which to the right ſeems to be loſt in an iſland of oziers, and over which is a ruſtic bridge into a very beautiful meadow, where at preſent graze a numerous flock of ſheep.

Emily is planning a thouſand embelliſhments for the garden, and will next year make it a wilderneſs of ſweets, a paradiſe worthy its lovely inhabitant: ſhe is already forming walks and flowery arbors in the wood, and giving the whole

ſcene

ſcene every charm which taſte, at little expence, can beſtow.

I, on my ſide, am ſelecting ſpots for plantations of trees; and mean, like a good citizen, to ſerve at once myſelf and the public, by raiſing oaks, which may hereafter bear the Britiſh thunder to diſtant lands.

I believe we country gentlemen, whilſt we have ſpirit to keep ourſelves independent, are the beſt citizens, as well as ſubjects, in the world.

Happy ourſelves, we wiſh not to deſtroy the tranquillity of others; intent on cares equally uſeful and pleaſing, with no views but to improve our fortunes by means equally profitable to ourſelves and to our country, we form no ſchemes of diſhoneſt ambition; and therefore diſturb no government to ſerve our private deſigns.

It is the profuſe, the vicious, the profligate, the needy, who are the Clodios and Catilines of this world.

That love of order, of moral harmony, ſo natural to virtuous minds, to minds at eaſe, is the ſtrongeſt tie of rational obedience.

The man who feels himſelf proſperous and happy, will not eaſily be perſwaded by factious declamation that he is undone.

Convinced of the excellency of our conſtitution, in which liberty and prerogative are balanced with the ſteadieſt hand, he will not endeavor to remove the boundaries which ſecure both: he will not endeavor to root it up, whilſt he is pretending to give it nouriſhment: he will not ſtrive to cut down the lovely and venerable tree under whoſe ſhade he enjoys ſecurity and peace.

In

In ſhort, and I am ſure you will here be of my opinion, the man who has competence, virtue, true liberty, and the woman he loves, will chearfully obey the laws which ſecure him theſe bleſſings, and the prince under whoſe mild ſway he enjoys them.

Adieu!

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXCVIII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Oct. 17.

I EVERY hour ſee more ſtrongly, my dear Fitzgerald, the wiſdom, as to our own happineſs, of not letting our hearts be worn out by a multitude of intrigues before marriage.

Temple loves my ſiſter, he is happy with her; but his happineſs is by no means of the ſame kind with yours and mine; ſhe is beautiful, and he thinks her ſo; ſhe is amiable, and he eſteems her; he prefers her to all other women, but he feels nothing of that trembling delicacy of ſentiment, that quick ſenſibility, which gives to love its moſt exquiſite pleaſures, and which I would not give up for the wealth of worlds.

His

His affection is meer paſſion, and therefore ſubject to change; ours is that heart-felt tenderneſs, which time renders every moment more pleaſing.

The tumult of deſire is the fever of the ſoul; its health, that delicious tranquillity where the heart is gently moved, not violently agitated; that tranquillity which is only to be found where friendſhip is the baſis of love, and where we are happy without injuring the object beloved: in other words, in a marriage of choice.

In the voyage of life, paſſion is the tempeſt, love the gentle gale.

Diſſipation, and a continual round of amuſements at home, will probably ſecure my ſiſter all of Temple's heart which remains; but his love would grow languid in that ſtate of retirement, which would have a thouſand charms for minds like ours.

I will own to you, I have fears for Lucy's happineſs.

But let us drop ſo painful a ſubject.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXCIX.

To Colonel RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

Oct. 19.

NOTHING, my dear Rivers, ſhews the value of friendſhip more than the envy it excites.

The

The world will ſooner pardon us any advantage, even wealth, genius, or beauty, than that of having a faithful friend; every ſelfiſh boſom ſwells with envy at the ſight of thoſe ſocial connexions, which are the cordials of life, and of which our narrow prejudices alone prevent our enjoyment.

Thoſe who have neither hearts to feel this generous affection, nor merit to deſerve it, hate all who are in this reſpect happier than themſelves; they look on a friend as an invaluable bleſſing, and a bleſſing out of their reach; and abhor all who poſſeſs the treaſure for which they ſigh in vain.

For my own part, I had rather be the dupe of a thouſand falſe profeſſions of friendſhip, than, for fear of being deceived, give up the purſuit.

Dupes are happy at leaſt for a time; but the cold, narrow, ſuſpicious heart never knows the glow of ſocial pleaſure.

In the ſame proportion as we loſe our confidence in the virtues of others, we loſe our proper happineſs.

The obſervation of this mean jealouſy, ſo humiliating to human nature, has influenced Lord Halifax, in his Advice to a Daughter, the ſchool of art, prudery, and ſelfiſh morals, to caution her againſt all friendſhips, or, as he calls them, *dearneſſes*, as what will make the world envy and hate her.

After my ſweet Bell's tenderneſs, I know no pleaſure equal to your friendſhip; nor would I give it up for the revenue of an eaſtern monarch.

I eſteem Temple, I love his converſation; he is gay and amuſing; but I ſhall never

never have for him the affection I feel for you.

I think you are too apprehenſive in regard to your ſiſter's happineſs: he loves her, and there is a certain variety in her manner, a kind of agreeable caprice, that I think will ſecure the heart of a man of his turn, much more than her merit, or even the lovelineſs of her perſon.

She is handſome, exquiſitely ſo; handſomer than Bell, and, if you will allow me to ſay ſo, than Emily.

I mean, that ſhe is ſo in the eye of a painter; for in that of a lover his miſtreſs is the only beautiful object on earth.

I allow your ſiſter to be very lovely, but I think Bell more deſireable a thouſand times; and, rationally ſpeaking, ſhe who has, *as to me*, the art of inſpiring

the moſt tenderneſs is, *as to me*, to all intents and purpoſes the moſt beautiful woman.

In which faith I chooſe to live and die.

I have an idea, Rivers, that you and I ſhall continue to be happy: a real ſympathy, a lively taſte, mixed with eſteem, led us to marry; the delicacy, tenderneſs, and virtue, of the two moſt charming of women, promiſe to keep our love alive.

We have both ſtrong affections: both love the converſation of women; and neither of our hearts are depraved by ill-choſen connexions with the ſex.

I am broke in upon, and muſt bid you adieu!

Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

Bell

Bell is writing to you. I ſhall be jealous.

LETTER CC.

To Colonel RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Oct. 19.

I DIE to come to Bellfield again, my dear Rivers; I have a paſſion for your little wood; it is a mighty pretty wood for an Engliſh wood, but nothing to your Montmorencis; the dear little Silleri too—

But to return to the ſhades of Bellfield: your little wood is charming indeed; not to particularize detached pieces of your ſcenery, the *tout enſemble* is very inviting; obſerve, however, I have no notion

notion of paradiſe without an Adam, and therefore ſhall bring Fitzgerald with me next time.

What could induce you, with this ſweet little retreat, to croſs that vile ocean to Canada? I am aſtoniſhed at the madneſs of mankind, who can expoſe themſelves to pain, miſery, and danger; and range the world from motives of avarice and ambition, when the rural cot, the fanning gale, the clear ſtream, and flowery bank, offer ſuch delicious enjoyments at home.

You men are horrid, rapacious animals, with your ſpirit of enterprize, and your nonſenſe: ever wanting more land than you can cultivate, and more money than you can ſpend.

That eternal purſuit of gain, that rage of accumulation, in which you are educated, corrupts your hearts, and robs you of half the pleaſures of life.

I ſhould

I ſhould not, however, make ſo free with the ſex, if you and my *caro ſpoſo* were not exceptions.

You two have really ſomething of the ſenſibility and generoſity of women.

Do you know, Rivers, I have a fancy you and Fitzgerald will always be happy huſbands? this is ſomething owing to yourſelves, and ſomething to us; you have both that manly tenderneſs, and true generoſity, which inclines you to love creatures who have paid you the compliment of making their happineſs or miſery depend entirely on you, and partly to the little circumſtance of your being married to two of the moſt agreeable women breathing.

To ſpeak *en philoſophe*, my dear Rivers, you are not to be told, that the fire of love, like any other fire, is equally put out by too much or too little fuel.

Now

Now Emily and I, without vanity, beſides our being handſome and amazingly ſenſible, to ſay nothing of our pleaſing kind of ſenſibility, have a certain juſt idea of cauſes and effects, with a natural bluſhing reſerve, and bridal delicacy, which I am apt to flatter myſelf——

Do you underſtand me, Rivers? I am not quite clear I underſtand myſelf.

All that I would inſinuate is, that Emily and I are, take us for all in all, the two moſt charming women in the world, and that, whoever leaves us, muſt change immenſely for the worſe.

I believe Lucy equally pleaſing, but I think her charms have not ſo good a ſubject to work upon.

Temple is a handſome fellow, and loves her; but he has not the tenderneſs of heart

heart that I ſo much admire in two certain youths of my acquaintance.

He is rich indeed; but who cares?

Certainly, my dear Rivers, nothing can be more abſurd, or more deſtructive to happineſs, than the very wrong turn we give our childrens imaginations about marriage.

If miſs and maſter are good, ſhe is promiſed a rich huſband, and a coach and ſix, and he a wife with a monſtrous great fortune.

Moſt of theſe fine promiſes muſt fail; and where they do not, the poor things have only the conſolation of finding, when too late to retreat, that the objects to which all their wiſhes were pointed have really nothing to do with happineſs.

Is there a nabobeſs on earth half as happy as the two fooliſh little girls about

whom I have been writing, though married to ſuch poor devils as you and Fitzgerald? *Certainement* no.

And ſo ends my ſermon.

Adieu!

Your moſt obedient,

A. FITZGERALD.

LET-

LETTER CCI.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Esq; Temple-house, Rutland.

Bellfield, Oct. 21.

YOU ridicule my enthusiasm, my dear Temple, without considering there is no exertion of the human mind, no effort of the understanding, imagination, or heart, without a spark of this divine fire.

Without enthusiasm, genius, virtue, pleasure, even love itself, languishes; all that refines, adorns, softens, exalts, ennobles life, has its source in this animating principle.

I glory in being an enthusiast in every thing; but in nothing so much as in my tenderness for this charming woman.

I am

I am a perfect Quixote in love, and would ſtorm enchanted caſtles, and fight giants, for my Emily.

Coldneſs of temper damps every ſpring that moves the human heart; it is equally an enemy to pleaſure, riches, fame, to all which is worth living for.

I thank you for your wiſhes that I was rich, but am by no means anxious myſelf on the ſubject.

You ſons of fortune, who poſſeſs your thouſands a year, and find them too little for your deſires, deſires which grow from that very abundance, imagine every man miſerable who wants them; in which you are greatly miſtaken.

Every real pleaſure is within the reach of my little fortune, and I am very indifferent

ferent about thoſe which borrow their charms, not from nature, but from faſhion and caprice.

My houſe is indeed leſs than yours; but it is finely ſituated, and large enough for my fortune: that part of it which belongs peculiarly to my Emily is elegant.

I have an equipage, not for parade but uſe; and the loveliеſt of women prefers it with me to all that luxury and magnificence could beſtow with another.

The flowers in my garden bloom as fair, the peach glows as deep, as in yours: does a flower bluſh more lovely, or ſmell more ſweet; a peach look more tempting than its fellows, I ſelect it for my Emily, who receives it with delight, as the tender tribute of love.

In ſome reſpects, we are the more happy for being leſs rich: the little avocations, which our mediocrity of fortune makes neceſſary to both, are the beſt preventives of that languor, from being too conſtantly together, which is all that love founded on taſte and friendſhip has to fear.

Had I my choice, I ſhould wiſh for a very ſmall addition only to my income, and that for the ſake of others, not myſelf.

I love pleaſure, and think it our duty to make life as agreeable as is conſiſtent with what we owe to others; but a true pleaſurable philoſopher ſeeks his enjoyments where they are really to be found; not in the gratifications of a childiſh pride, but of thoſe affections which are born with us, and which are the only rational ſources of enjoyment.

When

When I am walking in these delicious shades with Emily; when I see those lovely eyes, softened with artless fondness, and hear the music of that voice; when a thousand trifles, unobserved but by the prying sight of love, betray all the dear sensations of that bosom, where truth and delicate tenderness have fixed their seat, I know not the Epicurean of whom I do not deserve to be the envy.

Does your fortune, my dear Temple, make you more than happy? if not, why so very earnestly wish an addition to mine? believe me, there is nothing about which I am more indifferent. I am ten times more anxious to get the finest collection of flowers in the world for my Emily.

You observe justly, that there is nothing so insipid as women who have conversed with women only; let me add,

nor ſo brutal as men who have lived only amongſt men.

The deſire of pleaſing on each ſide, in an intercourſe enlivened by taſte, and governed by delicacy and honor, calls forth all the graces of the perſon and underſtanding, all the amiable ſentiments of the heart: it alſo gives good-breeding, eaſe, and a certain awakened manner, which is not to be acquired but in mixed converſation.

Remember, you and my dear Lucy dine with us to-morrow; it is to be a little family party, to indulge my mother in the delight of ſeeing her children about her, without interruption: I have ſaved all my beſt fruit for this day; we are to drink tea and ſup in Emily's apartment.

Adieu! Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

I will

I will to-morrow ſhew you better grapes than any you have at Temple-houſe: you rich men fancy nobody has any thing good but yourſelves; but I hope next year to ſhew you that you are miſtaken in a thouſand inſtances. I will have ſuch roſes and jeſſamines, ſuch bowers of intermingled ſweets——you ſhall ſee what aſtoniſhing things Emily's taſte and my induſtry can do.

LETTER CCII.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 22.

FINISH your buſineſs, my dear girl, and let us ſee you again at Bellfield. I need not tell you the pleaſure Mr. Fitzgerald's accompanying you will give us.

I die to ſee you, my dear Bell; it is not enough to be happy, unleſs I have ſomebody to tell every moment that I am ſo: I want a confidante of my tenderneſs, a friend like my Bell, indulgent to all my follies, to talk to of the lovelieſt and moſt beloved of mankind. I want to tell you a thouſand little inſtances of that ardent, that refined affection, which makes all the happineſs of my life! I want to paint the flattering attention, the delicate fondneſs of that dear lover, who is only the more ſo for being a huſband.

You are the only woman on earth to whom I can, without the appearance of inſult, talk of my Rivers, becauſe you are the only one I ever knew as happy as myſelf.

Fitzgerald, in the tenderneſs and delicacy of his mind, reſembles ſtrongly——

I am

I am interrupted: Adieu! for a moment.

It was my Rivers, he brought me a bouquet; I opened the door, ſuppoſing it was my mother; conſcious of what I had been writing, I was confuſed at ſeeing him; he ſmiled, and gueſſing the reaſon of my embarraſſment, "I muſt leave you, Emily; "you are writing, and, by your bluſhes, "I know you have been talking of your "lover."

I ſhould have told you, he inſiſts on never ſeeing the letters I write, and gives this reaſon for it, That he ſhould be a great loſer by ſeeing them, as it would reſtrain my pen when I talk of him.

I believe, I am very fooliſh in my tenderneſs; but you will forgive me.

Rivers yeſterday was throwing flowers at me and Lucy, in play, as we were walking in the garden; I catched a wall-

flower, and, by an involuntary impulſe, kiſſed it, and placed it in my boſom.

He obſerved me, and his look of pleaſure and affection is impoſſible to be deſcribed. What exquiſite pleaſure there is in theſe agreeable follies!

He is the ſweeteſt trifler in the world, my dear Bell: but in what does he not excel all mankind!

As the ſeaſon of autumnal flowers is almoſt over, he is ſending for all thoſe which blow early in the ſpring: he prevents every wiſh his Emily can form.

Did you ever, my dear, ſee ſo fine an autumn as this? you will, perhaps, ſmile when I ſay, I never ſaw one ſo pleaſing; ſuch a ſeaſon is more lovely than even the ſpring: I want you down before this agreeable weather is all over.

I am

I am going to air with my mother; my Rivers attends us on horſeback; you cannot think how amiable his attention is to both.

Adieu! my dear; my mother has ſent to let me know ſhe is ready.

Your affectionate

EMILY RIVERS.

LETTER CCIII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 24.

SOME author has ſaid, "The happi-
"neſs of the next world, to the vir-
"tuous, will conſiſt in enjoying the ſociety
"of minds like their own."

Why then ſhould we not do our beſt to poſſeſs as much as poſſible of this happineſs here?

You will ſee this is a preface to a very earneſt requeſt to ſee Captain Fermor and the lovely Bell immediately at our farm: take notice, I will not admit even buſineſs as an excuſe much longer.

I am juſt come from a walk in the wood behind the houſe, with my mother

and Emily; I want you to ſee it before it loſes all its charms; in another fortnight, its preſent variegated foliage will be literally *humbled in the duſt*.

There is ſomething very pleaſing in this ſeaſon, if it did not give us the idea of the winter, which is approaching too faſt.

The dryneſs of the air, the ſoft weſtern breeze, the tremulous motion of the falling leaves, the ruſtling of thoſe already fallen under our feet, their variety of lively colors, give a certain ſpirit and agreeable fluctuation to the ſcene, which is unſpeakably pleaſing.

By the way, we people of warm imaginations have vaſt advantages over others; we ſcorn to be confined to preſent ſcenes, or to give attention to ſuch trifling objects as times and ſeaſons.

I already anticipate the ſpring; ſee the woodbines and wild roſes bloom in my grove, and almoſt catch the gale of perfume.

Twelve o'clock.

I have this moment received your letter.

I am ſorry for what you tell me of Miſs H——; whoſe want of art has led her into indiſcretions.

'Tis too common to ſee the moſt innocent, nay, even the moſt laudable actions cenſured by the world; as we cannot, however, eradicate the prejudices of others, it is wiſdom to yield to them in things which are indifferent.

One ought to conform to, and reſpect the cuſtoms, as well as the laws and religion of our country, where they are not contrary to virtue, and to that moral ſenſe which

which Heaven has imprinted on our ſouls; where they are contrary, every generous mind will deſpiſe them.

I agree with you, my dear friend, that two perſons who love, not only *ſeem*, but really are, handſomer to each other than to the reſt of the world.

When we look at thoſe we ardently love, a new ſoftneſs ſteals unperceived into the eyes, the countenance is more animated, and the whole form has that air of tender languor which has ſuch charms for ſenſible minds.

To prove the truth of this, my Emily approaches, fair as the riſing morn, led by the hand of the Graces; ſhe ſees her lover, and every charm is redoubled; an involuntary ſmile, a bluſh of pleaſure, ſpeak a paſſion, which is the pride of my ſoul.

Even her voice, melodious as it is by nature, is ſoftened when ſhe addreſſes her happy Rivers.

She

She comes to ask my attendance on her and my mother; they are going to pay a morning visit a few miles off.

Adieu! tell the little Bell I kiss her hand.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CCIV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Three o'clock.

WE are returned, and have met with an adventure, which I muſt tell you.

About ſix miles from home, at the entrance of a ſmall village, as I was riding very faſt, a little before the chaiſe, a boy about four years old, beautiful as a Cupid, came out of a cottage on the right-hand, and, running croſs the road, fell almoſt under my horſe's feet.

I threw myſelf off in a moment; and ſnatching up the child, who was, however, unhurt, carried him to the houſe.

I was

I was met at the door by a young woman, plainly dreſt; but of a form uncommonly elegant: ſhe had ſeen the child fall, and her terror for him was plainly marked in her countenance; ſhe received him from me, preſſed him to her boſom, and, without ſpeaking, melted into tears.

My mother and Emily had by this time reached the cottage; the humanity of both was too much intereſted to let them paſs: they alighted, came into the houſe, and enquired about the child, with an air of tenderneſs which was not loſt on the young perſon, whom we ſuppoſed his mother.

She appeared about two and twenty, was handſome, with an air of the world, which the plainneſs of her dreſs could not hide; her countenance was penſive, with a mixture of ſenſibility which inſtantly prejudiced us all in her favor;

her

her look ſeemed to ſay, ſhe was unhappy, and that ſhe deſerved to be otherwiſe.

Her manner was reſpectful, but eaſy and unconſtrained; polite, without being ſervile; and ſhe acknowledged the intereſt we all ſeemed to take in what related to her, in a manner that convinced us ſhe deſerved it.

Though every thing about us, the extreme neatneſs, the elegant ſimplicity of her houſe and little garden, her own perſon, that of the child, both perfectly genteel, her politeneſs, her air of the world, in a cottage like that of the meaneſt laborer, tended to excite the moſt lively curioſity; neither good-breeding, humanity, nor the reſpect due to thoſe who appear unfortunate, would allow us to make any enquiries: we left the place full of this adventure, convinced of the merit, as well as unhappineſs,

happineſs, of its fair inhabitant, and reſolved to find out, if poſſible, whether her misfortunes were of a kind to be alleviated, and within our little power to alleviate.

I will own to you, my dear Fitzgerald, I at that moment felt the ſmallneſs of my fortune: and I believe Emily had the ſame ſenſations, though her delicacy prevented her naming them to me, who have made her poor.

We can talk of nothing but the ſtranger; and Emily is determined to call on her again to-morrow, on pretence of enquiring after the health of the child.

I tremble leſt her ſtory, for ſhe certainly has one, ſhould be ſuch as, however it may entitle her to compaſſion, may make

make it impoſſible for Emily to ſhew it in the manner ſhe ſeems to wiſh.

Adieu!

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CCV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 24.

WE have been again at the cottage; and are more convinced than ever, that this amiable girl is not in the ſtation in which ſhe was born; we ſtaid two hours, and varied the converſation in a manner which, in ſpite of her extreme modeſty, made

made it impoſſible for her to avoid ſhewing ſhe had been educated with uncommon care: her ſtyle is correct and elegant; her ſentiments noble, yet unaffected; we talked of books, ſhe ſaid little on the ſubject; but that little ſhewed a taſte which aſtoniſhed us.

Anxious as we are to know her true ſituation, in order, if ſhe merits it, to endeavor to ſerve her, yet delicacy made it impoſſible for us to give the leaſt hint of a curioſity which might make her ſuppoſe we entertained ideas to her prejudice.

She ſeemed greatly affected with the humane concern Emily expreſſed for the child's danger yeſterday, as well as with the polite and even affectionate manner in which ſhe appeared to intereſt herſelf in all which related to her; Emily made her general offers of ſervice with a timid kind of ſoftneſs in her air, which ſeemed to ſpeak rather a perſon

a perſon aſking a favor than wiſhing to confer an obligation.

She thanked my ſweet Emily with a look of ſurprize and gratitude to which it is not eaſy to do juſtice; there was, however, an embarraſſment in her countenance at thoſe offers, which a little alarms me; ſhe abſolutely declined coming to Bellfield: I know not what to think.

Emily, who has taken a ſtrong prejudice in her favor, will anſwer for her conduct with her life; but I will own to you, I am not without my doubts.

When I conſider the inhuman arts of the abandoned part of one ſex, and the romantic generoſity and too unguarded confidence, of the moſt amiable of the other; when I reflect that where women love, they love without reſerve; that they fondly imagine the man who is dear to them poſſeſſed of every virtue; that their very integrity of mind prevents their

their ſuſpicions; when I think of her preſent retirement, ſo apparently ill ſuited to her education; when I ſee her beauty, her elegance of perſon, with that tender and melancholy air, ſo ſtrongly expreſſive of the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility; when, in ſhort, I ſee the child, and obſerve her fondneſs for him, I have fears for her, which I cannot conquer.

I am as firmly convinced as Emily of the goodneſs of her heart; but I am not ſo certain that even that very goodneſs may not have been, from an unhappy concurrence of circumſtances, her misfortune.

We have company to dine.

Adieu! till the evening.

Ten at night.

About three hours ago, Emily received the incloſed, from our fair cottager.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

" To Mrs. RIVERS.

" Madam,

" Though I have every reaſon to " wiſh the melancholy event which " brought me here, might continue un- " known; yet your generous concern " for a ſtranger, who had no recom- " mendation to your notice but her ap- " pearing unhappy, and whoſe ſuſpi- " cious ſituation would have injured her

" in

" in a mind leſs noble than yours, has " determined me to lay before you a " ſtory, which it was my reſolution to " conceal for ever.

" I ſaw, Madam, in your counte- " nance, when you honored me by " calling at my houſe this morning, and " I ſaw with an admiration no words " can ſpeak, the amiable ſtruggle be- " tween the deſire of knowing the na- " ture of my diſtreſs in order to ſoften " it, and the delicacy which forbad your " enquiries, leſt they ſhould wound my " ſenſibility and ſelf-love.

" To ſuch a heart I run no hazard in " relating what in the world would, per- " haps, draw on me a thouſand reproaches; " reproaches, however, I flatter myſelf, " undeſerved.

" You have had the politeneſs to ſay, " there is ſomething in my appearance " which ſpeaks my birth above my pre-

" ſent ſituation: in this, Madam, I am " ſo happy as not to deceive your gene- " rous partiality.

" My father, who was an officer of " family and merit, had the misfortune " to loſe my mother whilſt I was an in- " fant.

" He had the goodneſs to take on " himſelf the care of directing my edu- " cation, and to have me taught what- " ever he thought becoming my ſex, " though at an expence much too great " for his income.

" As he had little more than his com- " miſſion, his parental tenderneſs got ſo " far the better of his love for his pro- " feſſion, that, when I was about fifteen, " he determined on quitting the army, in " order to provide better for me; but, " whilſt he was in treaty for this purpoſe, " a fever carried him off in a few days, " and left me to the world, with little

" more than five hundred pounds, which, " however, was, by his will, immediately " in my power.

" I felt too ſtrongly the loſs of this " excellent parent to attend to any " other conſideration; and, before I was " enough myſelf to think what I was " to do for a ſubſiſtence, a friend of " my own age, whom I tenderly loved, " who was juſt returning from ſchool " to her father's, in the north of Eng- " land, inſiſted on my accompanying her, " and ſpending ſome time with her in the " country.

" I found in my dear Sophia, all the " conſolation my grief could receive; " and, at her preſſing ſolicitation, and " that of her father, who ſaw his daugh- " ter's happineſs depended on having me " with her, I continued there three " years, bleſt in the calm delights of " friendſhip, and thoſe blameleſs plea- " ſures, with which we ſhould be too

" happy,

" happy, if the heart could content itſelf,
" when a young baronet, whoſe form
" was as lovely as his ſoul was dark, came
" to interrupt our felicity.

" My Sophia, at a ball, had the miſ-
" fortune to attract his notice; ſhe was
" rather handſome, though without re-
" gular features; her form was elegant
" and feminine, and ſhe had an air of
" youth, of ſoftneſs, of ſenſibility, of
" bluſhing innocence, which ſeemed in-
" tended to inſpire delicate paſſions alone,
" and which would have diſarmed any
" mind leſs depraved than that of the
" man, who only admired to deſtroy.

" She was the roſe-bud yet impervious
" to the ſun.

" Her heart was tender, but had never
" met an object which ſeemed worthy of
" it; her ſentiments were diſintereſted,
" and romantic to exceſs.

" Her father was, at that time, in " Holland, whither the death of a re- " lation, who had left him a ſmall " eſtate, had called him: we were alone, " unprotected, delivered up to the un- " happy inexperience of youth, miſtreſſes " of our own conduct; myſelf, the " eldeſt of the two, but juſt eighteen, " when my Sophia's ill fate conducted " Sir Charles Verville to the ball where " ſhe firſt ſaw him.

" He danced with her, and endeavored " to recommend himſelf by all thoſe " little unmeaning, but flattering atten- " tions, by which our credulous ſex are " ſo often miſled; his manner was ten- " der, yet timid, modeſt, reſpectful; his " eyes were continually fixed on her, but " when he met hers, artfully caſt down, " as if afraid of offending.

" He aſked permiſſion to enquire after " her health the next day; he came, he " was enchanting, polite, lively, ſoft,

" inſinuating

" inſinuating, adorned with every out-
" ward grace which could embelliſh
" virtue, or hide vice from view; to
" ſee and to love him was almoſt the
" ſame thing.

" He entreated leave to continue his
" viſits, which he found no difficulty in
" obtaining: during two months, not a
" day paſſed without our ſeeing him; his
" behaviour was ſuch as would ſcarce
" have alarmed the moſt ſuſpicious heart;
" what then could be expected of us,
" young, ſincere, totally ignorant of the
" world, and ſtrongly prejudiced in fa-
" vor of a man, whoſe converſation ſpoke
" his ſoul the abode of every virtue?

" Bluſhing I muſt own, nothing but
" the apparent preference he gave to my
" lovely friend, could have ſaved my
" heart from being a prey to the ſame
" tenderneſs which ruined her.

" He addreſſed her with all the ſpe-
" cious arts which vice could invent to
" ſeduce innocence; his reſpect, his
" eſteem, ſeemed equal to his paſſion;
" he talked of honor, of the delight of
" an union where the tender affections
" alone were conſulted; wiſhed for her
" father's return, to aſk her of him in
" marriage; pretended to count impa-
" tiently the hours of his abſence, which
" delayed his happineſs: he even pre-
" vailed on her to write her father an ac-
" count of his addreſſes.

" New to love, my Sophia's young
" heart too eaſily gave way to the ſoft im-
" preſſion; ſhe loved, ſhe idolized this
" moſt baſe of mankind; ſhe would have
" thought it a kind of ſacrilege to have
" had any will in oppoſition to his.

" After ſome months of unremitted
" aſſiduity, her father being expected in
" a few days, he dropped a hint, as if by
" accident,

" accident, that he wiſhed his fortune leſs,
" that he might be the more certain he was
" loved for himſelf alone; he blamed him-
" ſelf for this delicacy, but charged it on
" exceſs of love; vowed he would rather
" die than injure her, yet wiſhed to be
" convinced her fondneſs was without re-
" ſerve.

" Generous, diſintereſted, eager to
" prove the exceſs and ſincerity of her
" paſſion, ſhe fell into the ſnare; ſhe
" agreed to go off with him, and
" live ſome time in a retirement where
" ſhe was to ſee only himſelf, after
" which he engaged to marry her pub-
" licly.

" He pretended ecſtaſies at this proof
" of affection, yet heſitated to accept
" it; and, by piquing the generoſity
" of her ſoul, which knew no guile,
" and therefore ſuſpected none, led her
" to inſiſt on devoting herſelf to wretch-
" edneſs.

" In order, however, that this ſtep " might be as little known as poſſible, " as he pretended the utmoſt concern " for that honor he was contriving " to deſtroy, it was agreed between " them, that he ſhould go immediately " to London, and that ſhe ſhould fol- " low him, under pretence of a viſit to " a relation at ſome diſtance; the great- " eſt difficulty was, how to hide this " deſign from me.

" She had never before concealed " a thought from her beloved Fanny; " nor could he now have prevailed " on her to deceive me, had he not " artfully perſwaded her I was myſelf " in love with him; and that, there- " fore, it would be cruel, as well as " imprudent, to truſt me with the " ſecret.

" Nothing ſhews ſo ſtrongly the power " of love, in abſorbing every faculty of " the ſoul, as my dear Sophia's being

" prevailed

" prevailed on to uſe art with the friend " moſt dear to her on earth.

" By an unworthy piece of deceit, " I was ſent to a relation for ſome " weeks; and the next day Sophia " followed her infamous lover, leaving " letters for me and her father, calcu- " lated to perſwade us, they were pri- " vately married.

" My diſtreſs, and that of the un- " happy parent, may more eaſily be " conceived than deſcribed; ſevere by " nature, he caſt her from his heart " and fortune for ever, and ſettled his " eſtate on a nephew, then at the uni- " verſity.

" As to me, grief and tenderneſs " were the only ſenſations I felt: I " went to town, and took every pri- " vate method to diſcover her retreat, " but in vain; till near a year after, " when, being in London, with a friend

" of my mother's, a ſervant, who had " lived with my Sophia, ſaw me in the " ſtreet, and knew me: by her means, " I diſcovered that ſhe was in diſtreſs, " abandoned by her lover, in that mo- " ment when his tenderneſs was moſt " neceſſary.

" I flew to her, and found her in " a miſerable apartment, in which no- " thing but an extreme neatneſs would " have made me ſuppoſe ſhe had ever " ſeen happier days: the ſervant who " brought me to her attended her.

" She was in bed, pale, emaciated; " the lovely babe you ſaw with me in " her arms.

" Though prepared for my viſit, ſhe " was unable to bear the ſhock of " ſeeing me; I ran to her, ſhe raiſed " herſelf in the bed, and, throw- " ing her feeble arms round my " neck, could only ſay, 'My Fanny!

" is this poſſible!' " and fainted a-
" way.

" Our cares having recovered her,
" ſhe endeavored to compoſe herſelf;
" her eyes were fixed tenderly on me,
" ſhe preſſed my hand between hers,
" the tears ſtole ſilently down her cheeks;
" ſhe looked at her child, then at me;
" ſhe would have ſpoke, but the feel-
" ings of her heart were too ſtrong for
" expreſſion.

" I begged her to be calm, and promiſ-
" ed to ſpend the day with her; I did
" not yet dare, leſt the emotion ſhould
" be too much for her weak ſtate, to tell
" her we would part no more.

" I took a room in the houſe, and de-
" termined to give all my attention to
" the reſtoration of her health; after
" which, I hoped to contrive to make
" my little fortune, with induſtry, ſup-
" port us both.

"I ſat up with her that night; "ſhe got a little reſt, ſhe ſeemed bet- "ter in the morning; ſhe told me "the particulars I have already relat- "ed; ſhe, however, endeavored to ſof- "ten the cruel behaviour of the wretch, "whoſe name I could not hear with- "out horror.

"She had in the afternoon a little "fever; I ſent for a phyſician, he "thought her in danger; what did not "my heart feel from this information? "ſhe grew worſe, I never left her one "moment.

"The next morning ſhe called me "to her; ſhe took my hand, and look- "ing at me with a tenderneſs no lan- "guage can deſcribe,

"'My dear, my only friend, ſaid ſhe, "I am dying; you are come to receive the "laſt breath of your unhappy Sophia: I

" wiſh with ardor for my father's bleſ-
" ſing and forgiveneſs, but dare not aſk
" them.

" The weakneſs of my heart has un-
" done me; I am loſt, abandoned by
" him on whom my ſoul doated; by
" him, for whom I would have ſacrificed
" a thouſand lives; he has left me with
" my babe to periſh, yet I ſtill love
" him with unabated fondneſs: the
" pang of loſing him ſinks me to the
" grave!'

" Her ſpeech here failed her for a time;
" but recovering, ſhe proceeded,

" 'Hard as this requeſt may ſeem, and
" to whatever miſeries it may expoſe my
" angel friend, I adjure you not to deſert
" my child; ſave him from the wretch-
" edneſs that threatens him; let him find
" in you a mother not leſs tender, but
" more virtuous, than his own.

" I know,

" I know, my Fanny, I undo you by " this cruel confidence; but who elſe " will have mercy on this innocent?'

" Unable to anſwer, my heart torn " with unutterable anguiſh, I ſnatched " the lovely babe to my boſom, I " kiſſed him, I bathed him with my " tears.

" She underſtood me, a gleam of " pleaſure brightened her dying eyes, " the child was ſtill preſſed to my heart, " ſhe gazed on us both with a look of " wild affection; then, claſping her " hands together, and breathing a fer- " vent prayer to Heaven, ſunk down, " and expired without a groan——

" To you, Madam, I need not ſay " the reſt.

" The eloquence of angels could not " paint my diſtreſs; I ſaw the friend of " my

" my ſoul, the beſt and moſt gentle of
" her ſex, a breathleſs corſe before me;
" her heart broke by the ingratitude of
" the man ſhe loved, her honor the ſport
" of fools, her guiltleſs child a ſharer in
" her ſhame.

" And all this ruin brought on by a
" ſenſibility of which the beſt minds alone
" are ſuſceptible, by that noble integrity
" of ſoul which made it impoſſible for her
" to ſuſpect another.

" Diſtracted with grief, I kiſſed my
" Sophia's pale lips, talked to her lifeleſs
" form; I promiſed to protect the ſweet
" babe, who ſmiled on me, and with his
" little hand preſſed mine, as if ſenſible of
" what I ſaid.

" As ſoon as my grief was enough
" calmed to render me capable of any
" thing, I wrote an account of So-
" phia's death to her father, who had
" the

" the inhumanity to refuſe to ſee her
" child.

" I diſdained an application to her
" murderer; and retiring to this place,
" where I was, and reſolved to conti-
" nue, unknown, determined to devote
" my life to the ſweet infant, and to
" ſupport him by an induſtry which
" I did not doubt Heaven would
" proſper.

" The faithful girl who had attended
" Sophia, begged to continue with me;
" we work for the milleners in the neigh-
" bouring towns, and, with the little pit-
" tance I have, keep above want.

" I know the conſequence of what I
" have undertaken; I know I give up
" the world and all hopes of happineſs
" to myſelf: yet will I not deſert this
" friendleſs little innocent, nor betray
" the confidence of my expiring friend,
" whoſe

" whoſe laſt moments were ſoothed with
" the hope of his finding a parent's care
" in me.

" You have had the goodneſs to
" wiſh to ſerve me. Sir Charles Ver-
" ville is dead: a fever, the conſequence
" of his ungoverned intemperance, car-
" ried him off ſuddenly: his brother Sir
" William has a worthy character; if
" Colonel Rivers, by his general acquaint-
" ance with the great world, can repre-
" ſent this ſtory to him, it poſſibly may
" procure my little Charles happier proſ-
" pects than my poverty can give him.

" Your goodneſs, Madam, makes it un-
" neceſſary to be more explicit: to be un-
" happy, and not to have merited it, is a
" ſufficient claim to your protection.

" You are above the low prejudices of
" common minds; you will pity the
" wretched victim of her own unſuſpect-
" ing heart, you will abhor the memory

" of

" of her ſavage undoer, you will ap-
" prove my complying with her dying
" requeſt, though in contradiction to the
" ſelfiſh maxims of the world: you will,
" if in your power, endeavor to ſerve my
" little prattler.

" 'Till I had explained my ſituation, I
" could not think of accepting the honor
" you allowed me to hope for, of en-
" quiring after your health at Bellfield;
" if the ſtep I have taken meets with
" your approbation, I ſhall be moſt happy
" to thank you and Colonel Rivers for
" your attention to one, whom you would
" before have been juſtified in ſuppoſing
" unworthy of it.

" I am, Madam, with the moſt perfect
" reſpect and gratitude,

" Your obliged

" and obedient ſervant,

" F. WILLIAMS."

Your

Your own heart, my dear Fitzgerald, will tell you what were our reflections on reading the incloſed: Emily, whoſe gentle heart feels for the weakneſſes as well as misfortunes of others, will to-morrow fetch this heroic girl and her little ward, to ſpend a week at Bellfield; and we will then conſider what is to be done for them.

You know Sir William Verville; go to him from me with the incloſed letter, he is a man of honor, and will, I am certain, provide for the poor babe, who, had not his father been a monſter of unfeeling inhumanity, would have inherited the eſtate and title Sir William now enjoys.

Is not the midnight murderer, my dear friend, white as ſnow to this vile ſeducer? this betrayer of unſuſpecting, truſting, innocence? what tranſport is it to me to reflect, that not one boſom ever heaved a

ſigh

ſigh of remorſe of which I was the cauſe!

I grieve for the poor victim of a tenderneſs, amiable in itſelf, though productive of ſuch dreadful conſequences when not under the guidance of reaſon.

It ought to be a double tie on the honor of men, that the woman who truly loves gives up her will without reſerve to the object of her affection.

Virtuous leſs from reaſoning and fixed principle, than from elegance, and a lovely delicacy of mind; naturally tender, even to exceſs; carried away by a romance of ſentiment; the helpleſs ſex are too eaſily ſeduced, by engaging their confidence, and piquing their generoſity.

I cannot write; my heart is ſoftened to a degree which makes me incapable of any thing.

Do not neglect one moment going to Sir William Verville.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CCVI.

To Colonel RIVERS.

Oct. 28.

THE ſtory you have told me has equally ſhocked and aſtoniſhed me: my ſweet Bell has dropped a pitying tear on poor Sophia's grave.

Thank Heaven! we meet with few minds like that of Sir Charles Verville; ſuch a degree of ſavage inſenſibility is unnatural.

The human heart is created weak, not wicked: avid of pleaſure and of gain; but with a mixture of benevolence, which prevents our ſeeking either to the deſtruction of others.

Nothing

Nothing can be more falſe than that we are naturally inclined to evil: we are indeed naturally inclined to gratify the ſelfiſh paſſions of every kind; but thoſe paſſions are not evil in themſelves, they only become ſo from exceſs.

The malevolent paſſions are not inherent in our nature. They are only to be acquired by degrees, and generally are born from chagrin and diſappointment; a wicked character is a depraved one.

What muſt this unhappy girl have ſuffered! no miſery can equal the ſtruggles of a virtuous mind wiſhing to act in a manner becoming its own dignity, yet carried by paſſions to do otherwiſe.

One o'clock.

I have been at Sir William Verville's, who is at Bath; I will write, and incloſe the letter to him this evening; you ſhall have his anſwer the moment I receive it.

We

We are going to dine at Richmond with Lord H——.

Adieu! my dear Rivers; Bell complains you have never anſwered her letter: I own, I thought you a man of more gallantry than to neglect a lady.

Adieu!

Your faithful

J. FITZGERALD.

LET-

LETTER CCVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Oct. 30.

I AM very impatient, my dear friend, till you hear from Sir William, though I have no doubt of his acting as he ought: our cottagers ſhall not leave us till their fate is determined; I have not told Miſs Williams the ſtep I have taken.

Emily is more and more pleaſed with this amiable girl: I wiſh extremely to be able to keep her here; as an agreeable companion of her own age and ſex, whoſe ideas are ſimilar, and who, from being in the ſame ſeaſon of life, ſees things in the ſame point of view, is all that is wanting to Emily's happineſs.

'Tis impoſſible to mention ſimilarity of ideas, without obſerving how exactly ours coincide; in all my acquaintance with

mankind, I never yet met a mind ſo nearly reſembling my own; a tie of affection much ſtronger than all your merit would be without that ſimilarity.

I agree with you, that mankind are born virtuous, and that it is education and example which make them otherwiſe.

The believing other men knaves is not only the way to make them ſo, but is alſo an infallible method of becoming ſuch ourſelves.

A falſe and ill-judged method of inſtruction, by which we imbibe prejudices inſtead of truths, makes us regard the human race as beaſts of prey; not as brothers, united by one common bond, and promoting the general intereſt by purſuing our own particular one.

There is nothing of which I am more convinced than that,

" True ſelf-love and ſocial are the
" ſame:"

That thoſe paſſions which make the happineſs of individuals, tend directly to the general good of the ſpecies.

The beneficent Author of nature has made public and private happineſs the ſame; man has in vain endeavored to divide them; but in the endeavor he has almoſt deſtroyed both.

'Tis with pain I ſay, that the buſineſs of legiſlation in moſt countries ſeems to have been to counter-work this wiſe order of Providence, which has ordained, that we ſhall make others happy in being ſo ourſelves.

This is in nothing ſo glaring as in the point on which not only the happineſs, but the virtue of almoſt the whole human

race is concerned: I mean marriage; the reſtraints on which, in almoſt every country, not only tend to encourage celibacy, and a deſtructive libertiniſm the conſequence of it, to give freſh ſtrength to domeſtic tyranny, and ſubject the generous affections of uncorrupted youth to the guidance of thoſe in whom every motive to action but avarice is dead; to condemn the blameleſs victims of duty to a life of indifference, of diſguſt, and poſſibly of guilt; but, by oppoſing the very ſpirit of our conſtitution, throwing property into a few hands, and favoring that exceſſive inequality, which renders one part of the ſpecies wretched, without adding to the happineſs of the other; to deſtroy at once the domeſtic felicity of individuals, contradict the will of the Supreme Being, as clearly wrote in the book of nature, and ſap the very foundations of the moſt perfect form of government on earth.

A pretty

A pretty long-winded period this: Bell would call it true Ciceronian, and quote

"—— Rivers for a period of a mile."

But to proceed. The only equality to which parents in general attend, is that of fortune; whereas a reſemblance in age, in temper, in perſonal attractions, in birth, in education, underſtanding, and ſentiment, are the only foundations of that lively taſte, that tender friendſhip, without which no union deſerves the ſacred name of marriage.

Timid, compliant youth may be forced into the arms of age and diſeaſe; a lord may invite a citizen's daughter he deſpiſes to his bed, to repair a ſhattered fortune; and ſhe may accept him, allured by the rays of a coronet: but ſuch conjunctions are only a more ſhameful ſpecies of proſtitution.

Men who marry from intereſted motives are inexcuſable; but the very modeſty of women makes againſt their happineſs in this point, by giving them a kind of baſhful fear of objecting to ſuch perſons as their parents recommend as proper objects of their tenderneſs.

I am prevented by company from ſaying all I intended.

Adieu! Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CCVIII.

To Colonel RIVERS.

Temple-houſe, Nov. 1.

YOU wrong me exceſſively, my dear Rivers, in accuſing me of a natural levity in love and friendſhip.

As to the latter, my frequent changes, which I freely acknowledge, have not been owing to any inconſtancy, but to precipitation and want of caution in contracting them.

My general fault has been the folly of chooſing my friends for ſome ſtriking and agreeable accompliſhment, inſtead of giving to ſolid merit the preference which moſt certainly is its due.

My inconſtancy in love has been meerly from vanity.

There is ſomething ſo flattering in the general favor of women, that it requires great firmneſs of mind to reſiſt that kind of gallantry which indulges it, though abſolutely deſtructive to real happineſs.

I bluſh to ſay, that when I firſt married I have more than once been in danger, from the mere boyiſh deſire of conqueſt, notwithſtanding my adoration for your lovely ſiſter: ſuch is the force of habit, for I muſt have been infinitely a loſer by changing.

I am now perfectly ſafe; my vanity has taken another turn: I pique myſelf on keeping the heart of the loveliest woman that ever exiſted, as a nobler conqueſt than attracting the notice of a hundred coquets, who would be equally flattered by the attention of any other man, at leaſt

any

any other man who had the good fortune to be as fashionable.

Every thing conspires to keep me in the road of domestic happiness: the manner of life I am engaged in, your friendship, your example, and society; and the very fear I am in of losing your esteem.

That I have the seeds of constancy in my nature, I call on you and your lovely sister to witness; I have been *your* friend from almost infancy, and am every hour more *her* lover.

She is my friend, my companion, as well as mistress; her wit, her sprightliness, her pleasing kind of knowledge, fill with delight those hours which are so tedious with a fool, however lovely.

With my Lucy, possession can never cure the wounded heart.

Her modeſty, her angel purity of mind and perſon, render her literally,

" My ever-new delight."

She has convinced me, that if beauty is the mother, delicacy is the nurſe of love.

Venus has lent her her ceſtus, and ſhares with her the attendance of the Graces.

My vagrant paſſions, like the rays of the ſun collected in a burning glaſs, are now united in one point.

Lucy is here. Adieu! I muſt not let her know her power.

You ſpend to-morrow with us; we have a little ball, and are to have a maſquerade next week.

Lucy

Lucy wants to consult Emily on her dress; you and I are not to be in the secret: we have wrote to ask the Fitzgeralds to the masquerade; I will send Lucy's post-coach for them the day before, or perhaps fetch them myself.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

J. TEMPLE.

LETTER CCIX.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Nov. 1.

I HAVE this moment a letter from Temple which has ſet my heart at reſt: he writes like a lover, yet owns his paſt danger, with a frankneſs which ſpeaks more ſtrongly than any profeſſions could do, the real preſent ſtate of his heart.

My anxiety for my ſiſter has a little broke in on my own happineſs; in England, where the married women are in general the moſt virtuous in the world, it is of infinite conſequence they ſhould love their huſbands, and be beloved by them; in countries where gallantry is more permitted, it is leſs neceſſary.

Temple

Temple will make her happy whilſt ſhe preſerves his heart; but, if ſhe loſes it, every thing is to be feared from the vivacity of his nature, which can never ſupport one moment a life of indifference.

He has that warmth of temper which is the natural foil of the virtues; but which is unhappily, at the ſame time, moſt apt to produce indiſcretions.

Tame, cold, diſpaſſionate minds reſemble barren lands; warm, animated ones, rich ground, which, if properly cultivated, yields the nobleſt fruit; but, if neglected, from its luxuriance is moſt productive of weeds.

His misfortune has been loſing both his parents when almoſt an infant; and having been maſter of himſelf and a noble fortune, at an age when the paſſions hurry us beyond the bounds of reaſon.

I am

I am the only perſon on earth by whom he would ever bear to be controlled in any thing; happily for Lucy, I preſerve the influence over him which friendſhip firſt gave me.

That influence, and her extreme attention to ſtudy his taſte in every thing; with thoſe uncommon graces both of mind and perſon ſhe has received from nature, will, I hope, effectually fix this wandering ſtar.

She tells me, ſhe has aſked you to a maſquerade at Temple-houſe, to which you will extremely oblige us all by coming.

You do not tell us, whether the affair of your majority is ſettled: if obliged to return immediately, Temple will ſend you back.

Adieu! Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

I have

I have this moment your laſt letter: you are right, we American travellers are under great diſadvantages; our imaginations are reſtrained; we have not the pomp of the orient to deſcribe, but the ſimple and unadorned charms of nature.

LETTER CCX.

To Colonel RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

Nov. 4.

SIR William Verville is come back to town; I was with him this morning; he deſires to ſee the child; he tells me, his brother, in his laſt moments, mentioned this ſtory in all the agony of remorſe, and begged him to provide for the little innocent, if to be found; that he had made many enquiries, but hitherto in vain; and that he thought himſelf happy in the diſcovery.

He

He talks of ſettling three thouſand pounds on the child, and taking the care of educating him into his own hands.

I hinted at ſome little proviſion for the amiable girl who had ſaved him from periſhing, and had the pleaſure to find Sir William liſten to me with attention.

I am ſorry it is not poſſible for me to be at your maſquerade; but my affair is juſt at the criſis: Bell expects a particular account of it from Mrs. Rivers, and deſires to be immediately in the ſecret of the ladies dreſſes, though you are not: ſhe begs you will ſend your fair cottager and little charge to us, and we will take care to introduce them properly to Sir William.

I am too much hurried to ſay more.

Adieu! my dear Rivers!

Your affectionate

J. FITZGERALD.

LET-

LETTER CCXI.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Nov. 8.

YES, my dear Bell, politeneſs is undoubtedly a moral virtue.

As we are beings formed for, and not capable of being happy without, ſociety, it is the duty of every one to endeavor to make it as eaſy and agreeable as they can; which is only to be done by ſuch an attention to others as is conſiſtent with what we owe to ourſelves; all we give them in civility will be re-paid us in reſpect: inſolence and ill-breeding are deteſtable to all mankind.

I long to ſee you, my dear Bell; the delight I have had in your ſociety has ſpoiled

ſpoiled my reliſh for that of meer acquaintance, however agreeable.

'Tis dangerous to indulge in the pleaſures of friendſhip; they weaken one's taſte too much for common converſation.

Yet what other pleaſures are worth the name? what others have ſpirit and delicacy too?

I am preparing for the maſquerade, which is to be the 18th; I am extremely diſappointed you will not be with us.

My dreſs is ſimple and unornamented, but I think becoming and prettily fancied; it is that of a French *paiſanne*: Lucy is to be a ſultana, blazing with diamonds: my mother a Roman matron.

I chooſe this dreſs becauſe I have heard

my

my dear Rivers admire it; to be one moment more pleasing in his eyes, is an object worthy all my attention.

Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY RIVERS.

LET-

LETTER CCXII.

To Mrs. RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Nov. 10.

CERTAINLY, my dear, friendſhip is a mighty pretty invention, and, next to love, gives of all things the greateſt ſpirit to ſociety.

And yet the prudery of the age will hardly allow us poor women even this pleaſure, innocent as it is.

I remember my aunt Cecily, who died at ſixty-ſix, without ever having felt the leaſt ſpark of affection for any human being, uſed to tell me, a prudent modeſt woman never loved any thing but herſelf.

For my part, I think all the kind propenſities of the heart ought rather to be

cheriſhed than checked; that one is allowed to eſteem merit even in the naughty creature, man.

I love you very ſincerely, Emily: but I like friendſhips for the men beſt; and think prudery, by forbidding them, robs us of ſome of the moſt lively as well as innocent pleaſures of the heart.

That deſire of pleaſing, which one feels much the moſt ſtrongly for a *male* friend, is in itſelf a very agreeable emotion.

You will ſay, I am a coquet even in friendſhip; and I am not quite ſure you are not in the right.

I am extremely in love with my huſband; yet chooſe other men ſhould regard me with complacency, am as fond of attracting the attention of the dear creatures as ever, and, though I do juſtice to your wit, underſtanding, ſenti-

ment, and all that, prefer Rivers's converſation infinitely to yours.

Women cannot ſay civil things to each other; and if they could, they would be ſomething inſipid; whereas a male friend—

'Tis abſolutely another thing, my dear; and the firſt ſyſtem of ethics I write, I will have a hundred pages on the ſubject.

Obſerve, my dear, I have not the leaſt objection to your having a friendſhip for Fitzgerald. I am the beſt-natured creature in the world, and the fondeſt of increaſing the circle of my huſband's innocent amuſements.

A propos to innocent amuſements, I think your fair ſiſter-in-law an exquiſite politician; calling the pleaſures to Temple at home, is the beſt method in the world to prevent

prevent his going abroad in purſuit of them.

I am mortified I cannot be at your maſquerade; it is my paſſion, and I have the prettieſt dreſs in the world by me. I am half inclined to elope for a day or two.

Adieu! Your faithful

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CCXIII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Nov. 12.

PLEASE to inform the little Bell, I won't allow her to ſpoil my Emily.

I enter a caveat againſt male friendſhips, which are only fit for ladies of the *ſalamandrine* order.

I deſire

I desire to engross all Emily's *kind propensities* to myself; and should grudge the least share in her heart, or, if you please in her *friendship*, to an archangel.

However, not to be too severe, since prudery expects women to have no propensities at all, I allow single ladies, of all ranks, sizes, ages, and complexions, to spread the veil of friendship between their hearts and the world.

'Tis the finest day I ever saw, though the middle of November; a dry soft west wind, the air as mild as in April, and an almost Canadian sunshine.

I have been bathing in the clear stream, at the end of my garden; the same stream in which I laved my careless bosom at thirteen; an idea which gave me inconceivable delight; and the more; as my bosom is as

gay

gay and tranquil at this moment as in thoſe dear hours of chearfulneſs and innocence.

Of all local prejudices, that is the ſtrongeſt as well as moſt pleaſing, which attaches us to the place of our birth.

Sweet home! only ſeat of true and genuine happineſs.

I am extremely in the humor to write a poem to the houſhold gods.

We neglect theſe amiable deities, but they are revenged; true pleaſure is only to be found under their auſpices.

I know not how it is, my dear Fitzgerald; but I don't find my paſſion for the country abate.

I ſtill find the ſcenes around me lovely; though, from the change of ſeaſon, leſs ſmiling than when I firſt fixed at Bell-

field; we have rural buſineſs enough to amuſe, not embarraſs us; we have a ſmall but excellent library of books, given us by my mother; ſhe and Emily are two of the moſt pleaſing companions on earth; the neighbourhood is full of agreeable people, and, what ſhould always be attended to in fixing in the country, of fortunes not ſuperior to our own.

The evenings grow long, but they are only the more jovial; I love the pleaſures of the table, not for their own ſakes, for no man is more indifferent on this ſubject; but becauſe they promote ſocial, convivial joy, and bring people together in good humor with themſelves and each other.

My Emily's ſuppers are enchanting; but our little income obliges us to have few: if I was rich, this would be my principal extravagance.

To

To fill up my meaſure of content, Emily is pleaſed with my retirement, and finds all her happineſs in my affection.

We are ſo little alone, that I find our moments of unreſerved converſation too ſhort; whenever I leave her, I recollect a thouſand things I had to ſay, a thouſand new ideas to communicate, and am impatient for the hour of ſeeing again, without reſtraint, the moſt amiable and pleaſing of womankind.

My happineſs would be complete, if I did not ſometimes ſee a cloud of anxiety on that dear countenance, which, however, is diſſipated the moment my eyes meet hers.

I am going to Temple's, and the chaiſe is at the door.

Adieu! my dear friend!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CCXIV.

To Colonel RIVERS.

Nov. 14.

SO you diſapprove male friendſhips, my ſweet Colonel! I thought you had better ideas of things in general.

Fitzgerald and I have been diſputing on French and Engliſh manners, in regard to gallantry.

The

The great queſtion is, Whether a man is more hurt by the imprudent conduct of his daughter or his wife?

Much may be ſaid on both ſides.

There is ſome hazard in ſuffering coquetry in either; both contribute to give charms to converſation, and introduce eaſe and politeneſs into ſociety; but both are dangerous to manners.

Our cuſtoms, however, are moſt likely to produce good effects, as they give opportunity for love marriages, the only ones which can make worthy minds happy.

The coquetry of ſingle women has a point of view conſiſtent with honor; that of married women has generally no point of view at all; it is, however, of uſe *pour paſſer le tems.*

As to real gallantry, the French ſtyle depraves the minds of men leaſt, ours is moſt favorable to the peace of families.

I think I preſerve the balance of argument admirably.

My opinion, however, is, that if people married from affection, there would be no ſuch thing as gallantry at all.

Pride, and the parade of life, deſtroy all happineſs: our whole felicity depends on our choice in marriage, yet we chooſe from motives more trifling than would determine us in the common affairs of life.

I knew a gentleman who fancied himſelf in love, yet delayed marrying his miſtreſs till he could afford a ſet of plate.

Modern manners are very unfavorable to the tender affections.

Ancient

Ancient lovers had only dragons to combat; ours have the worſe monſters of avarice and ambition.

All I ſhall ſay further on the ſubject is, that the two happieſt people I ever knew were a country clergyman and his wife, whoſe whole income did not exceed one hundred pounds a year.

A pretty philoſophical, ſentimental, dull kind of an epiſtle this!

But you deſerve it, for not anſwering my laſt, which was divine.

I am pleaſed with Emily's ideas about her dreſs at the maſquerade; it is a proof you are ſtill lovers.

I remember, the firſt ſymptoms I diſcovered of my *tendreſſe* for Fitzgerald was my exceſſive attention to this article: I

have tried on twenty different caps when I expected him at Silleri.

Before we drop the subject of gallantries, I must tell you I am charmed with you and my *sposo*, for never giving the least hint before Emily and me that you have had any; it is a piece of delicacy which convinces me of your tenderness more than all the vows that ever lovers broke would do.

I have been hurt at the contrary behaviour in Temple; and have observed Lucy to be so too, though her excessive attention not to give him pain prevented her shewing it: I have on such an occasion seen a smile on her countenance, and a tear of tender regret starting into her eyes.

A woman who has vanity without affection will be pleased to hear of your past conquests, and regard them as victims immolated

molated to her ſuperior charms: to her, therefore, it is right to talk of them; but to flatter the *heart*, and give delight to a woman who truly loves, you ſhould appear too much taken up with the preſent paſſion to look back to the paſt: you ſhould not even preſent to her imagination the thought that you have had other engagements: we know ſuch things are, but had rather the idea ſhould not be awakened: I may be wrong, but I ſpeak from my own feelings.

I am exceſſively pleaſed with a thought I met with in a little French novel:

"Un homme qui ne peut plus compter "ſes bonnes fortunes, eſt de tous, celui "qui connoît le moins les *faveurs*. C'eſt "le cœur qui les accorde, & ce n'eſt pas "le cœur qu'un homme à la mode inte- "reſſe. Plus on eſt *prôné* par les femmes, "plus il eſt facile de les avoir, mais moins "il eſt poſſible de les enflammer."

To which truth I moſt heartily ſet my hand.

Twelve o'clock.

I have juſt heard from your ſiſter, who tells me, Emily is turned a little natural philoſopher, reads Ray, Derham, and fifty other ſtrange old fellows that one never heard of, and is eternally poring through a microſcope to diſcover the wonders of creation.

How amazingly learned matrimony makes young ladies! I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a volume of her diſcoveries bye and bye.

She ſays too, you have little pets like ſweethearts, quarrel and make it up again in the moſt engaging manner in the world.

This is juſt what I want to bring Fitzgerald to; but the perverſe monkey won't quarrel

quarrel with me, do all I can: I am ſure this is not my fault, for I give him reaſon every day of his life.

Shenſtone ſays admirably, "That re-"conciliation is the tendereſt part of love "and friendſhip: the ſoul here diſcovers "a kind of elaſticity, and, being forced "back, returns with an additional vio-"lence."

Who would not quarrel for the plea-ſure of reconciliation! I ſhall be very angry with Fitzgerald if he goes on in this mild way.

Tell your ſiſter, ſhe cannot be more mortified than I am, that it is impoſſible for me to be at her maſquerade.

Adieu! Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

Don't you think, my dear Rivers, that marriage, on prudent principles, is a horrid ſort of an affair? It is really cruel of papas and mammas to ſhut up two poor innocent creatures in a houſe together, to plague and torment one another, who might have been very happy ſeparate.

Where people take their own time, and chooſe for themſelves, it is another affair, and I begin to think it poſſible affection may laſt through life.

I ſometimes fancy to myſelf Fitzgerald and I loving on, from the impaſſioned hour when I firſt honored him with my hand, to that tranquil one, when we ſhall take our afternoon's nap *vis-à-vis* in two arm chairs, by the fire-ſide, he a grave country juſtice, and I his worſhip's good ſort of a wife, the Lady Bountiful of the Pariſh.

I have

I have a notion there is nothing ſo very ſhocking in being an oldiſh gentlewoman; what one loſes in charms, is made up in the happy liberty of doing and ſaying whatever one pleaſes. Adieu!

LETTER CCXV.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Nov. 16.

MY relation, Colonel Willmott, is juſt arrived from the Eaſt Indies, rich, and full of the project of marrying his daughter to me.

My mother has this morning received a letter from him, preſſing the affair with an earneſtneſs which rather makes me feel for his diſappointment, and wiſh to break it to him as gently as poſſible.

He

He talks of being at Bellfield on Wednesday evening, which is Temple's masquerade; I shall stay behind at Bellfield, to receive him, have a domino ready, and take him to Temple-house.

He seems to know nothing of my marriage or my sister's, and I wish him not to know of the former till he has seen Emily.

The best apology I can make for declining his offer, is to shew him the lovely cause.

I will contrive they shall converse together at the masquerade, and that he shall sit next her at supper, without their knowing any thing of each other.

If he sees her, if he talks with her, without that prejudice which the knowledge of her being the cause of his disappointment might give, he cannot fail of having

having for her that admiration which I never yet met with a mind ſavage enough to refuſe her.

His daughter has been educated abroad, which is a circumſtance I am pleaſed with, as it gives me the power of refuſing her without wounding either her vanity, or her father's, which, had we been acquainted, might have been piqued at my giving the preference to another.

She is not in England, but is hourly expected: the moment ſhe arrives, Lucy and I will fetch her to Temple-houſe: I ſhall be anxious to ſee her married to a man who deſerves her. Colonel Willmott tells me, ſhe is very amiable; at leaſt as he is told, for he has never ſeen her.

I could wiſh it were poſſible to conceal this offer for ever from Emily; my delicacy is hurt at the idea of her knowing it, at leaſt from me or my family.

My mother behaves like an angel on this occaſion; expreſſes herſelf perfectly happy in my having conſulted my heart alone in marrying, and ſpeaks of Emily's tenderneſs as a treaſure above all price.

She does not even hint a wiſh to ſee me richer than I am.

Had I never ſeen Emily, I would not have married this lady unleſs love had united us.

Do not, however, ſuppoſe I have that romantic contempt for fortune, which is ſo pardonable, I had almoſt ſaid ſo becoming, at nineteen.

I have ſeen more of the world than moſt men of my age, and I have ſeen the advantages of affluence in their ſtrongeſt light.

I think a worthy man not only may have, but ought to have, an attention to making his way in the world, and improving his ſituation in it, by every means conſiſtent with probity and honor, and with his own real happineſs.

I have ever had this attention, and ever will, but not by baſe means: and, in my opinion, the very baſeſt is that of ſelling one's hand in marriage.

With what horror do we regard a man who is kept! and a man who marries from intereſted views alone, is kept in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the word.

He is equally a purchaſed ſlave, with no diſtinction but that his bondage is of longer continuance.

Adieu!

Adieu! I may poſſibly write again on Wedneſday.

Your faithful

Ed. Rivers.

LETTER CCXVI.

To Colonel Rivers, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Nov. 18.

FITZGERALD is buſy, and begs me to write to you.

Your cottagers are arrived; there is ſomething very intereſting in Miſs Williams, and the little boy is an infant Adonis.

Heaven

Heaven ſend he may be an honeſter man than his father, or I foreſee terrible devaſtations amongſt the ſex.

We have this moment your letter; I am angry with you for blaſpheming the ſweet ſeaſon of nineteen:

" O lovely ſource
" Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
" Are honeſt as the light, lucid as air,
" As foſtering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
" Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.'

You will find out I am in a courſe of Shenſtone, which I preſcribe to all minds tinctured with the uncomfortable ſelfiſhneſs of the preſent age.

The only way to be good, is to retain the generous miſtakes, if they are ſuch, of nineteen through life.

As

As to you, my dear Rivers, with all your airs of prudence and knowing the world, you are, in this reſpect, as much a boy as ever.

Witneſs your extreme joy at having married a woman with two thouſand pounds, when you might have had one with twenty times the ſum.

You are a boy, Rivers, I am a girl; and I hope we ſhall remain ſo as long as we live.

Do you know, my dear friend, that I am a daughter of the Muſes, and that I wrote paſtorals at ſeven years old?

I am charmed with this, becauſe an old phyſician once told me it was a ſymptom, not only of long life, but of long youth, which is much better.

He

He explained this, by saying something about animal spirits, which I do not at all understand, but which perhaps you may.

I should have been a pretty enough kind of a poetess, if papa had not attempted to teach me how to be one, and insisted on seeing my scribbles as I went on: these same Muses are such bashful misses, they won't bear to be looked at.

Genius is like the sensitive plant; it shrinks from the touch.

So your nabob cousin is arrived: I hope he will fall in love with Emily; and remember, if he had obligations to Mrs. Rivers's father, he had exactly the same to your grandfather.

He might spare ten thousand pounds very well, which would improve your *petits soupers*.

Adieu!

Adieu! Sir William Verville dines here, and I have but juſt time to dreſs.

Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CCXVII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Nov. 17, Morning.

I HAVE had a letter from Colonel Willmott myſelf to-day; he is ſtill quite unacquainted with the ſtate of our domeſtic affairs; ſuppoſes me a batchelor, and talks of my being his ſon-in-law as a certainty, not attending to the probability of my having other engagements.

His

His hiſtory, which he tells me in this letter, is a very romantic one. He was a younger brother, and provided for accordingly: he loved, when about twenty, a lady who was as little a favorite of fortune as himſelf: their families, who on both ſides had other views, joined their intereſt to get him ſent to the Eaſt Indies; and the young lady was removed to the houſe of a friend in London, where ſhe was to continue till he had left England.

Before he went, however, they contrived to meet, and were privately married; the marriage was known only to her brother, who was Willmott's friend.

He left her in the care of her brother, who, under pretence of diverting her melancholy, and endeavoring to cure her paſſion, obtained leave of his father to take her with him to France.

She

She was there delivered of this child, and expired a few days after.

Her brother, without letting her family know the ſecret, educated the infant, as the daughter of a younger brother who had been juſt before killed in a duel in France; her parents, who died in a few years, were, almoſt in their laſt moments, informed of theſe circumſtances, and made a ſmall proviſion for the child.

In the mean time, Colonel Willmott, after experiencing a great variety of misfortunes for many years, during which he maintained a conſtant correſpondence with his brother-in-law, and with no other perſon in Europe, by a train of lucky accidents, acquired very rapidly a conſiderable fortune, with which he reſolved to return to England, and marry his daughter to me,

me, as the only method to discharge fully his obligations to my grandfather, who alone, of all his family, had given him the least assistance when he left England. He wrote to his daughter, letting her know his design, and directing her to meet him in London; but she is not yet arrived.

Six in the Evening.

My mother and Emily went to Temple's to dinner; they are to dress there, and I am to be surprized.

Seven.

Colonel Willmott is come: he is an extreme handsome man; tall, well-made, with an air of dignity which one seldom sees; he is very brown, and, what will please Bell, has an aquiline nose: he looks about fifty, but is not so much; change of climate has almost always the disagreeable effect of adding some years to the look.

He is dreſſing, to accompany me to the maſquerade; I muſt attend him: I have only time to ſay,

I am yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CCXVIII.

To Mrs. RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Nov. 18, twelve at night.

WHO ſhould I dine and ſup with to-day, at a merchant's in the city, but your old love, Sir George Clayton, as gay and amuſing as ever!

What

What an entertaining companion have you loſt, my dear Emily!

He was a little diſconcerted at ſeeing me, and bluſhed extremely: but ſoon recovered his amiable, uniform inſipidity of countenance, and ſmiled and ſimpered as uſual.

He never enquired after you, nor even mentioned your name: being aſked for a toaſt, I had the malice to give Rivers; he drank him, without ſeeming ever to have heard of him before.

The city miſſes admire him prodigiouſly, and he them; they are charmed with his beauty, and he with their wit.

His mother, poor woman! could not bring the match ſhe wrote about to bear: the family approved him; but the fair one

made a better choice, and gave herſelf laſt week, at St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, to a very agreeable fellow of our acquaintance, Mr. Palmer; a man of ſenſe and honor, who deſerves her had ſhe been ten times richer: he has a ſmall eſtate in Lincolnſhire, and his houſe is not above twenty miles from you: I muſt bring you and Mrs. Palmer acquainted.

I ſuppoſe you are now the happieſt of beings; Rivers finding a thouſand new beauties in his *belle paiſanne*, and you exulting in your charms, or, in other words, glorying in your ſtrength.

So the maiden aunts in your neighbourhood think Miſs Williams no better than ſhe ſhould be?

Either ſomebody has ſaid, or the idea is my own; after all, I believe it Shenſtone's, That thoſe are generally the beſt people whoſe characters have been moſt

injured by ſlanderers, as we uſually find that the beſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

I will, however, allow appearances were a little againſt your cottager; and I would forgive the good old virgins, if they had always as ſuſpicious circumſtances to determine from.

But they generally condemn from trifling indiſcretions, and ſettle the characters of their own ſex from their conduct at a time of life when they are themſelves no judges of its propriety; they paſs ſentence on them for ſmall errors, when it is an amazing proof of prudence not to commit great ones.

For my own part, I think thoſe who never have been guilty of any indiſcretion, are generally people who have very little active virtue.

The waving line holds in moral as well as in corporeal beauty.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

A. FITZGERALD.

All I can ſay is, that if imprudence is a ſin, Heaven help your poor little Bell!

On thoſe principles, Sir George is the moſt virtuous man in the world; to which aſſertion, I believe, you will enter a caveat.

LET-

LETTER CCXIX.

To Colonel RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Nov. 19.

YOU are right, my little Rivers: I like your friend, Colonel Willmott vaſtly better for his aquiline noſe; I never yet ſaw one on the face of a fool.

He is a fortunate man to be introduced to ſuch a party of fine women at his arrival; it is literally *to feed among the lilies.*

Fitzgerald ſays, he ſhould be jealous of him in your eſteem, if he was fifteen years younger; but that the ſtrongeſt friendſhips are, where there is an equality in age; becauſe people of the ſame age

have the ſame train of thinking, and ſee things in the ſame light.

Every ſeaſon of life has its peculiar ſet of ideas; and we are greatly inclined to think nobody in the right, but thoſe who are of the ſame opinion with ourſelves.

Don't you think it a ſtrong proof of my paſſion for my *ſpoſo*, that I repeat his ſentiments?

But to buſineſs: Sir William is charmed with his little nephew; has promiſed to ſettle on him what he before mentioned, to allow Miſs Williams an hundred pounds a year, which is to go to the child after her death, and to be at the expence of his education himſelf.

I die to hear whether your oriental Colonel is in love with Emily.

Pray

Pray tell us every thing.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CCXX.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Thurſday morning, 11 o'clock.

OUR maſquerade laſt night was really charming; I never ſaw any thing equal to it out of London.

Temple has taſte, and had ſpared no expence to make it agreeable; the decorations of the grand ſaloon were magnificent.

Emily was the loveliest *paisanne* that ever was beheld; her dress, without losing sight of the character, was infinitely becoming: her beauty never appeared to such advantage.

There was a noble simplicity in her air, which it is impossible to describe.

The easy turn of her shape, the lovely roundness of her arm, the natural elegance of her whole form, the waving ringlets of her beautiful dark hair, carelessly fastened with a ribbon, the unaffected grace of her every motion, all together conveyed more strongly than imagination can paint, the pleasing idea of a wood-nymph, deigning to visit some favored mortal.

Colonel Willmott gazed on her with rapture; and asked me, if the rural deities had left their verdant abodes to visit Temple-house.

I intro-

I introduced him to her, and left her to improve the impreſſion: 'tis well I was married in time; a nabob is a dangerous rival.

Lucy looked lovely, but in another ſtyle; ſhe was a ſultana in all the pride of imperial beauty; her charms awed, but Emily's invited; her look ſpoke reſiſtleſs command, Emily's ſoft perſuaſion.

There were many fine women; but I will own to you, I had, as to beauty, no eyes but for Emily.

We are going this morning to ſee Burleigh: when we return, I ſhall announce Colonel Willmott to Emily, and introduce them properly to each other; they are to go in the ſame chaiſe; ſhe at preſent only knows him as a friend of mine, and he her as his *belle paiſanne*.

Adieu! I am ſummoned.

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

I ſhould have told you, I acquainted Colonel Willmott with my ſiſter's marriage before I took him to Temple-houſe, and found an opportunity of introducing him to Temple unobſerved.

Emily is the only one here to whom he is a ſtranger: I will caution him not to mention to her his paſt generous deſign in my favor. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXI.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Thurſday Morning.

YOUR Emily was happy beyond words laſt night: amongſt a crowd of beauties, her Rivers's eyes continually followed her; he ſeemed to ſee no other object: he would ſcarce let me wait till ſupper to unmaſk.

But you will call me a fooliſh romantic girl; therefore I will only ſay, I had the delight to ſee him pleaſed with my dreſs, and charmed with the complaiſance which was ſhewed me by others.

There was a gentleman who came with Rivers, who was particularly attentive to me; he is not young, but extremely

extremely amiable: has a very fine perſon, with a commanding air; great politeneſs, and, as far as one can judge by a few hours converſation, an excellent underſtanding.

I never in my life met with a man for whom I felt ſuch a partiality at firſt ſight, except Rivers, who tells me, I have made a conqueſt of his friend.

He is to be my cavalier this morning to Burleigh.

It has this moment ſtruck me, that Rivers never introduced his friend and me to each other, but as maſks; I never thought of this before: I ſuppoſe he forgot it in the hurry of the maſquerade.

I do not even know this agreeable ſtranger's name; I only found out by his converſation he had ſerved in the army.

There

There is no ſaying how beautiful Lucy looked laſt night; her dreſs was rich, elegantly fancied, and particularly becoming to her graceful form, which I never ſaw look ſo graceful before.

All who attempted to be fine figures, ſhrunk into nothing before her.

Lucy carries her head, you know, remarkably well; which, with the advantage of her height, the perfect ſtandard of women, her fine proportion, the native dignity of her air, the majeſtic flow of her robe, and the blaze of her diamonds, gave her a look of infinite ſuperiority; a ſuperiority which ſome of the company ſeemed to feel in a manner, which rather, I will own, gave me pain.

In a place conſecrated to joy, I hate to ſee any thing like an uneaſy ſenſation; yet, whilſt human paſſions are what

what they are, it is difficult to avoid them.

There were four or five other ſultanas, who ſeemed only the ſlaves of her train.

In ſhort,

" She look'd a goddeſs, and ſhe mov'd a " queen."

I was happy the unaſſuming ſimplicity of the character in which I appeared, prevented compariſons which muſt have been extremely to my diſadvantage.

I was ſafe in my littleneſs, like a modeſt ſhrub by the ſide of a cedar; and, being in ſo different a ſtyle, had the better chance to be taken notice of, even where Lucy was.

She was radiant as the morning ſtar, and even dazzlingly lovely.

Her

Her complexion, for Temple would not ſuffer her to wear a maſk at all, had the vivid glow of youth and health, heightened by pleaſure, and the conſciouſneſs of univerſal admiration.

Her eyes had a fire which one could ſcarce look at.

Temple's vanity and tenderneſs were gratified to the utmoſt: he drank eagerly the praiſes which envy itſelf could not have refuſed her.

My mother extremely became her character; and, when talking to Rivers, gave me the idea of the Roman Aurelia, whoſe virtues ſhe has equalled.

He looked at her with a delight which rendered him a thouſand times more dear to me: ſhe is really one of the moſt pleaſing women that ever exiſted.

I am

I am called: we are juſt ſetting out for Burleigh, which I have not yet ſeen.

Adieu! Yours

EMILY RIVERS.

LETTER CCXXII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Thurſday, two o'clock.

WE are returned: Colonel Willmott is charmed with Burleigh, and more in love with Emily than ever.

He is gone to his apartment, whither I ſhall follow him, and acquaint him with my

my marriage; he is exactly in the diſpoſition I could wiſh.

He will, I am ſure, pardon any offence of which his *belle paiſanne* is the cauſe.

I am returned.

He is diſappointed, but not ſurpriſed; owns no human heart could have reſiſted Emily; begs ſhe will allow his daughter a place in her friendſhip.

He inſiſts on making her a preſent of diamonds; the only condition, he tells me, on which he will forgive my marriage.

I am going to introduce him to her in her apartment.

Adieu! for a moment.

Fitzgerald!—I ſcarce reſpire—the tumult of my joy—this daughter whom I have refuſed—my Emily—could you have believed———my Emily is the daughter of Colonel Willmott.

When I announced him to her by that name, her color changed; but when I added that he was juſt returned from the Eaſt Indies, ſhe trembled, her cheeks had a dying paleneſs, her voice faltered, ſhe pronounced faintly, "My father!" and ſunk breathleſs on a ſofa.

He ran to her, he preſſed her wildly to his boſom, he kiſſed her pale cheek; he demanded if ſhe was indeed his child? his Emily? the dear pledge of his Emily Montague's tenderneſs?

Her ſenſes returned, ſhe fixed her eyes eagerly on him, ſhe kiſſed his hand, ſhe would have ſpoke, but tears ſtopped her voice.

The ſcene that followed is beyond my powers of deſcription.

I have left them a moment, to ſhare my joy with you: the time is too precious to ſay more. To-morrow you ſhall hear from me.

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CCXXIII.

To Captain FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Friday.

YOUR friend is the happieſt of mankind.

Every anxiety is removed from my Emily's dear boſom: a father's ſanction leaves her nothing to deſire.

You

You may remember, ſhe wiſhed to delay our marriage: her motive was, to wait Colonel Willmott's return.

Though promiſed by him to another, ſhe hoped to bring him to leave her heart free; little did ſhe think the man deſtined for her by her father, was the happy Rivers her heart had choſen.

Bound by a ſolemn vow, ſhe concealed the circumſtances of her birth even from me.

She reſolved never to marry another, yet thought duty obliged her to wait her father's arrival.

She kindly ſuppoſed he would ſee me with her eyes, and, when he knew me, change his deſign in my favor: ſhe fancied he would crown her love as the re-

ward of her obedience in delaying her marriage.

My importunity, and the fear of giving me room to doubt her tenderneſs, as her vow prevented ſuch an explanation as would have ſatisfied me, bore down her duty to a father whom ſhe had never ſeen, and whom ſhe had ſuppoſed dead, till the arrival of Mrs. Melmoth's letters; having been two years without hearing any thing of him.

She married me, determined to give up her right to half his fortune in favor of the perſon for whom he deſigned her; and hoped, by that means, to diſcharge her father's obligations, which ſhe could not pay at the expence of ſacrificing her heart.

But ſhe writes to Mrs. Fitzgerald, and will tell you all.

Come

Come and ſhare the happineſs of your friends.

Adieu!

Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CCXXIV.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Temple-houſe, Friday.

MY Rivers has told you — my ſweet friend, in what words ſhall I convey to you an adequate idea of your Emily's tranſport, at a diſcovery which has reconciled all her duties!

Thoſe

Thoſe anxieties, that ſenſe of having failed in filial obedience, which caſt a damp on the joy of being wife to the moſt beloved of mankind, are at an end.

This huſband whom I ſo dreaded, whom I determined never to accept, was my Rivers.

My father forgives me; he pardons the crime of love: he bleſſes that kind providence which conducted us to happineſs.

How many has this event made happy!

The moſt amiable of mothers ſhares my joy; ſhe bends in grateful thanks to that indulgent power who has rewarded her ſon for all his goodneſs to her.

Rivers hears her, and turns away to hide his tears: her tenderneſs melts him to the ſoftneſs of a woman.

What gratitude do we not owe to heaven! may the ſenſe of it be for ever engraven on our hearts!

My Lucy too; all, all are happy.

But I will tell you. Rivers has already acquainted you with part of my ſtory.

My uncle placed me, with a ſervant in whom he could confide, in a convent in France, till I was ſeven years old; he then ſent for me to England, and left me at ſchool eight years longer; after which, he took me with him to his regiment in Kent, where, you know, our friendſhip began, and continued till he changed into another, then in America, whither I attended him.

My father's affairs were, at that time, in a ſituation which determined my uncle to take the firſt opportunity of marrying me to advantage.

I re-

I regarded him as a father; he had always been more than a parent to me; I had the moſt implicit deference to his will.

He engaged me to Sir George Clayton; and, when dying, told me the ſtory of my birth, to which I had till then been a ſtranger, exacting from me, however, an oath of ſecreſy till I ſaw my father.

He died, leaving me, with a trifle left in truſt to him for my uſe from my grandfather, about two thouſand pounds, which was all I, at that time, ever expected to poſſeſs.

My father was then thought ruined; there was even a report of his death, and I imagined myſelf abſolute miſtreſs of my own actions.

I was near two years without hearing any thing of him; nor did I know I had ſtill a father, till the letters you brought me from Mrs. Melmoth.

A variety of accidents, and our being both abroad, and in ſuch diſtant parts of the world, prevented his letters arriving.

In this ſituation, the kind hand of Heaven conducted my Rivers to Montreal.

I ſaw him; and, from that moment, my whole ſoul was his.

Formed for each other, our love was ſudden and reſiſtleſs as the bolt of heaven: the firſt glance of thoſe dear ſpeaking eyes gave me a new being, and awaked in me ideas never known before.

The

The ſtrongeſt ſympathy attached me to him in ſpite of myſelf: I thought it friendſhip, but felt that friendſhip more lively than what I called my *love* for Sir George; all converſation but his became inſupportable to me; every moment that he paſſed from me, I counted as loſt in my exiſtence.

I loved him; that tenderneſs hourly increaſed: I hated Sir George, I fancied him changed; I ſtudied to find errors in a man who had, a few weeks before, appeared to me amiable, and whom I had conſented to marry; I broke with him, and felt a weight removed from my ſoul.

I trembled when Rivers appeared; I died to tell him my whole ſoul was his; I watched his looks, to find there the ſame ſentiments with which he had inſpired me: that tranſporting moment

at length arrived; I had the delight to find our tenderneſs was mutual, and to devote my life to making happy the lord of my deſires.

Mrs. Melmoth's letter brought me my father's commands, if unmarried, to continue ſo till his return.

He added, that he intended me for a relation, to whoſe family he had obligations; that, his affairs having ſuffered ſuch a happy revolution, he had it in his power and, therefore, thought it his duty, to pay this debt of gratitude; and, at the ſame time hoped to make me happy by connecting me with an amiable family, allied to him by blood and friendſhip; and uniting me to a man whom report ſpoke worthy of all my tenderneſs.

You may remember, my deareſt Bell, how ſtrongly I was affected on reading thoſe letters: I wrote to Rivers, to beg him

him to defer our marriage; but the manner in which he took that requeſt, and the fear of appearing indifferent to him, conquered all ſenſe of what I owed to my father, and I married him; making it, however, a condition that he ſhould aſk no explanation of my conduct till I choſe to give it.

I knew not the character of my father; he might be a tyrant, and divide us from each other: Rivers doubted my tenderneſs; would not my waiting, if my father had afterwards refuſed his conſent to our union, have added to thoſe cruel ſuſpicions? might he not have ſuppoſed I had ceaſed to love him, and waited for the excuſe of paternal authority to juſtify a change of ſentiment?

In ſhort, love bore down every other conſideration; if I perſiſted in this delay, I might hazard loſing all my ſoul held

dear, the only object for which life was worth my care.

I determined, if I married, to give up all claim to my father's fortune, which I ſhould juſtly forfeit by my diſobedience to his commands: I hoped, however, Rivers's merit, and my father's paternal affection, when he knew us both, would influence him to make ſome proviſion for me as his daughter.

Half his fortune was all I ever hoped for, or even would have choſe to accept: the reſt I determined to give up to the man whom I refuſed to marry.

I gave my hand to Rivers, and was happy; yet the idea of my father's return, and the conſciouſneſs of having diſobeyed him, caſt ſometimes a damp on my felicity, and threw a gloom over my ſoul, which all my endeavors could ſcarce hide from Rivers, though

though his delicacy prevented his aſking the cauſe.

I now know, what was then a ſecret to me, that my father had offered his daughter to Rivers, with a fortune which could, however, have been no temptation to a mind like his, had he not been attached to me: he declined the offer, and, leſt I ſhould hear of it, and, from a romantic diſintereſtedneſs, want him to accept it, preſſed our marriage with more importunity than ever; yet had the generoſity to conceal this ſacrifice from me, and to wiſh it ſhould be concealed for ever.

Theſe ſentiments, ſo noble, ſo peculiar to my Rivers, prevented an explanation, and hid from us, for ſome time, the circumſtances which now make our happineſs ſo perfect.

How infinitely worthy is Rivers of all my tenderneſs!

My father has ſent to ſpeak with me in his apartment: I ſhould have told you, I this morning went to Bellfield, and brought from thence my mother's picture, which I have juſt ſent him.

Adieu! Your faithful

EMILY RIVERS.

LETTER CCXXV.

To Mrs. RIVERS, Bellfield, Rutland.

London, Sunday.

NO words, my dear Emily, can ſpeak our joy at the receipt of your two laſt letters.

You are then as happy as you deſerve to be; we hope, in a few days, to be witneſſes of your felicity.

We

We knew from the firſt of your father's propoſal to Rivers; but he extorted a promiſe from us, never on any account to communicate it to you: he alſo deſired us to detain you in Berkſhire, by lengthening our viſit, till your marriage, leſt any friend of your father's in London ſhould know his deſign, and chance acquaint you with it.

Fitzgerald is *Monſieur le Majeur*, at your ladyſhip's ſervice: he received his commiſſion this morning.

I once again congratulate you, my dear, on this triumph of tenderneſs: you ſee love, like virtue, is not only its own reward, but ſometimes intitles us to other rewards too.

It ſhould always be conſidered, that thoſe who marry from love, *may* grow rich; but thoſe who marry to be rich, will *never* love.

The very idea that love will come after marriage, is ſhocking to minds which have the leaſt ſpark of delicacy: to ſuch minds, a marriage which begins with indifference will certainly end in diſguſt and averſion.

I beſpeak your papa for my *ceciſbeo*; mine is extremely at your ſervice in return.

But I am piqued, my dear. "Sentiments ſo noble, ſo peculiar to your Rivers—"

I am apt to believe there are men in the world—that nobleneſs of mind is not ſo very *peculiar*—and that ſome people's ſentiments may be as noble as other people's.

In ſhort, I am inclined to fancy Fitzgerald would have acted juſt the ſame part in the ſame ſituation.

But it is your great fault, my dear Emily, to ſuppoſe your love a phœnix, where-

as

as he is only an agreeable, worthy, handſome fellow, *comme un autre.*

I ſuppoſe you will be very angry; but who cares? I will be angry too.

Surely, my Fitzgerald—I allow Rivers all his merit; but compariſons, my dear—

Both our fellows, to be ſure, are charming creatures; and I would not change them for a couple of Adonis's: yet I don't inſiſt upon it, that there is nothing agreeable in the world but them.

You ſhould remember, my dear, that beauty is in the lover's eye; and that, however highly you may think of Rivers, every woman breathing has the ſame idea of *the dear man.*

O heaven! I muſt tell you, becauſe it will flatter your vanity about your charmer.

I have

I have had a letter from an old lover of mine at Quebec, who tells me, Madame Des Roches has juſt refuſed one of the beſt matches in the country, and vows ſhe will live and die a batchelor.

'Tis a mighty fooliſh reſolution, and yet I cannot help liking her the better for making it.

My dear papa talks of taking a houſe near you, and of having a garden to rival yours: we ſhall ſpend a good deal of time with him, and I ſhall make love to Rivers, which you know will be vaſtly pretty.

One muſt do ſomething to give a little variety to life; and nothing is ſo amuſing, or keeps the mind ſo pleaſingly awake, eſpecially in the country, as the flattery of an agreeable fellow.

I am

I am not, however, quite ſure I ſhall not look abroad for a flirt, for one's friend's huſband is almoſt as inſipid as one's own.

Our romantic adventures being at an end, my dear; and we being all degenerated into ſober people, who marry and *ſettle*; we ſeem in great danger of ſinking into vegetation: on which ſubject I deſire Rivers's opinion, being, I know, a moſt exquiſite enquirer into the laws of nature.

Love is a pretty invention, but, I am told, is apt to *mellow* into friendſhip; a degree of perfection at which I by no means deſire Fitzgerald's attachment for me to arrive on this ſide ſeventy.

What muſt we do, my dear, to vary our days?

Cards, you will own, are an agreeable relief, and the leaſt ſubject to pall of any pleaſures under the ſun: and really, philoſophically

loſophically ſpeaking, what is life but an intermitted pool at quadrille?

I am interrupted by a divine colonel in the guards.

Adieu! Your faithful

A. FITZGERALD.

LETTER CCXXVI.

To Mrs. FITZGERALD.

Bellfield, Tueſday.

I ACCEPT your challenge, Bell; and am greatly miſtaken if you find me ſo very inſipid as you are pleaſed to ſuppoſe.

Have no fear of falling into vegetation; not one amongſt us has the leaſt vegetative quality.

I have

I have a thouſand ideas of little amuſements, to keep the mind awake.

None of our party are of that ſleepy order of beings, who want perpetual events to make them feel their exiſtence: this is the defect of the cold and inanimate, who have not ſpirit and vivacity enough to taſte the natural pleaſures of life.

Our adventures of one kind are at an end; but we ſhall ſee others, as entertaining, ſpringing up every moment.

I dare ſay, our whole lives will be Pindaric: my only plan of life is to have none at all, which, I think, my little Bell will approve.

Pleaſe to obſerve, my ſweet Bell, to make life pleaſant, we muſt not only have great pleaſures but little ones, like the ſmaller auxiliary parts of a building; we

we muſt have our trifling amuſements, as well as our ſublime tranſports.

My firſt *ſecond* pleaſure (if you will allow the expreſſion) is gardening; and for this reaſon, that it is my divine Emily's: I muſt teach you to love rural pleaſures.

Colonel Willmott has made me juſt as rich as I wiſh to be.

You muſt know, my fair friend, that whilſt I thought a fortune and Emily incompatible, I had infinite contempt for the former, and fancied that it would rather take from, than add to, my happineſs; but, now I can poſſeſs it with her, I allow it all its value.

My father (with what delight do I call the father of Emily by that name!) hinted at my taking a larger houſe; but I would not leave my native Dryads for an imperial palace: I have, however, agreed to let

let him build a wing to Bellfield, which it wants, to compleat the original plan, and to furniſh it in whatever manner he thinks fit.

He is to have a houſe in London; and we are to ramble from one to the other as fancy leads us.

He inſiſts on our having no rule but inclination: do you think we are in any danger of vegetating, my dear Bell?

The great ſcience of life is, to keep in conſtant employment that reſtleſs active principle within us, which, if not directed right, will be eternally drawing us from real to imaginary happineſs.

Love, all charming as it is, requires to be kept alive by ſuch a variety of amuſements, or avocations, as may prevent the languor to which all human pleaſures are ſubject.

Emily's

Emily's tenderneſs and delicacy make me ever an expecting lover: ſhe contrives little parties of pleaſure, and by ſurprize, of which ſhe is always the ornament and the ſoul: her whole attention is given to make her Rivers happy.

I envy the man who attends her on theſe little excurſions.

Love with us is ever led by the Sports and the Smiles.

Upon the whole, people who have the ſpirit to act as we have done, to dare to chooſe their own companions for life, will generally be happy.

The affections are the true ſources of enjoyment: love, friendſhip, and, if you will allow me to anticipate, paternal tenderneſs, all the domeſtic attachments, are ſweet beyond words.

The

The beneficent Author of nature, who gave us theſe affections for the wiſeſt purpoſes——

" Cela eſt bien dit, mon cher Rivers ;
" mais il faut cultiver notre jardin."

You are right, my dear Bell, and I am a prating coxcomb.

Lucy's poſt-coach is juſt ſetting off, to wait your commands.

I ſend this by Temple's ſervant. On Thurſday I hope to ſee our dear groupe of friends re-united, and to have nothing to wiſh, but a continuance of our preſent happineſs.

Adieu ! Your faithful

ED. RIVERS.

THE END.